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THE SIN PHANTOM;

OR,

THE KEEPER'S DESTINY.

CHAPTER XII.

A DARK BIT OF THE FAMILY HISTORY.

Satisfied that Michael would abide by his counsel, the lawyer felt more at ease. He had a keen regard for his own personal welfare, which he knew would stand in a position of some considerable risk should anything arise in the shape of danger to the Chevalier de Buradoc.

"The Charnett estate will be yours," he said, "I have no doubt of it; and I have promised that it shall be so."

Michael held out his hand, the one with which he had slain his victim.

Uxley took it.

"You have some motive," Ewrick said, "other than that of such pecuniary reward as may attend our success for the interest you take in me."

"I have said," Uxley answered quietly, "there were some old ties between me and your mother."

"What were they?"

A shadow came upon the lawyer's hard and usually impassive countenance.

"It is a story of the past," he said, "and I do not care to tell it. I touch an old wound, a deep one."

"The recollection pains you."

"Here"—Uxley struck his breast—"strange as it may seem, I had a heart." His tone was like a sneer at himself. "Not then a dry and withered thing like this."

He crumbled a piece of faded parchment in his hand. The action had its significance. If Michael smiled it was not for want of sympathy, but at the professional nature of the implied simile. And Uxley—whom the inhabitants of Charnett called old Reuben, and pitied, as simple hearted people are apt to pity those who are supposed never to have cared or been cared for by a human being—spoke with much feeling, though his voice had only the ordinary conversational monotone.

"Your mother," he went on, and the word lingered with tenderness on his tongue, "was one of the few who ever gave me credit for possessing that unnecessary organ, and if ever in my loneliness, my poor obscurity, I had a welcome thought, it was of her."

"How long have you known Charnett?"

"Five and thirty years."

"Then you were acquainted with my mother before she married?"

"While she was Miss Agnes Brewer; a beautiful and frank, fair girl, whom every one adored; the finest horsewoman that ever rode to the Limport meet."

"She had many suitors?"

"Many. But when the Charnett brothers, Colonel Erwick"—

"My father," Michael interposed.

"And his brother Cecil," said Uxley, assenting to the other's last remark. "When they took the field the rest retired, for they were proud, those Charnetts, with their hot Norman blood and dark impetuous dispositions. Lord Cecil, though a youth of twenty, horsewhipped Sir William Warden, the present baronet's cousin, for questioning his right to her hand at a ball. So they were not the sort of rivals to interfere with."

"I think some deviltry of nature is part of our inheritance," said Michael, listening with a proud kind of pleasnre to the recital. "I could not, even in childhood, brook control."

"The Charnetts never could. However, the two were left without a rival, and the lady's choice lay between them, but she dared not make it. I believe her inclination lay with Cecil, and she would not say it for fear."

"Leaving them to decide."

"They did so, and it was whispered—mind, only whispered—that when the colonel spoke with Cecil on the subject, claiming, by his birthright, that she should be resigned to him, Lord Cecil laughed, and said no power on earth could break the tie between them."

"Then," Michael said, a hot flush reddening the bronze of his cheek.

"Then," said Uxley, "they were parted, for they were at violence. The old earl ordered Cecil to his room, and the colonel back to his regiment."

"Did he go?"

"No; next day came the tragedy. Lord Cecil was found at midnight dead on Charnett Heath, killed by poachers, so said rumor—shot by his brother, so said rumor, also."

"In each case rumor was a liar," Michael said. "Lord Cecil Lois, of Charnett, was shot by the steward, Stephen Lester."

Uxley made a gesture of assent, and did not change a feature.

"He did deserve his death," Michael added, "for a boast that set the seal of dishonor on a woman, a brand of infamy on me. Proceed."

"I introduce myself here," said Reuben Uxley; "I had in some way—it does not matter how, since the details are unimportant—gained Miss Brewer's esteem. My practice here was very meagre at first; it began to improve only when I acted for her father, one of the largest landholders in Limport. Then came my connection with the legal matters of the Charnetts."

"Beginning with——"

"Mortgage deeds, by which, bit by bit, the colonel parted with his birthright to Lord Robert. Well the shock of Cecil's death killed the old earl. In this there is a strong resemblance between that tragedy and the one just consummated."

"Great events invariably repeat themselves."

"One more of the strange mysteries that seem to come with each generation of this family attended Cecil's fate. The body was discovered by a villager, who gave the alarm, and a party went to fetch it. Not an hour elapsed; but when they reached the spot Lord Cecil's corpse was gone."

"So I have heard."

"It is presumed that the assassins, still lurking near the spot, though possibly ignorant that the deed had been discovered, removed, and buried their victim."

"We cannot entertain that supposition."

"We can form none, save that he was buried."

"By his slayer, the forest-keeper, then—Stephen Lester?"

"Be that as it may, the mystery remains unsolved. We come to the next episode. Within a week while conjecture was still at work regarding Lord Cecil, Miss Brewer rode out, attended by her groom as usual. She took her lover's death quietly; she dared show no sign of sorrow. Her horse took fright and ran with her into Charnett Heath; it was near nightfall."

Michael began to breathe heavily.

"The groom, outstripped in speed, utterly lost sight of her, and, after vainly riding about for hours, returned to Limport, thinking his mistress might have regained control of her steed, and reached home before him. Such was not the case.

"Her friends going out in eager search were baffled by an awful tempest—a wild storm of long duration, such as had not swept over Charnett for many a year.

"While it raged, a young lawyer, a poor wretch who had to win his bread by much fatigue, was crossing the heath. He sought refuge in a hut, it was built for the forest watchers, and is now occupied by Simon McDonald."

Ewrick, whose powerful chest heaved and fell, slowly motioned the narrator to continue.

"He had not been there long when two others entered—a man leading in a lady in a riding habit. The lawyer crouched away in an inner room; adversity and early experience had taught him caution; he hid, watched and listened."

"Good," said Michael; "now for a truth that lifts a weight even from my soul, and makes one deed at least a just and sacrificial retribution—a deed of vengeance for a mother wronged most bitterly; I would that she had lived, Reuben Uxley; you know how I loved her."

"I do; but to my story; the man barred and barricaded the hut, there was dark and evil purpose on his face, the lady trembled at him—and with good cause.

"You know the race from which this man sprang, its vast physical strength, its firm, uncontrollable will."

"He was a Charnett, then?" Michael said.

"Colonel Ewrick; and the lady I need not say was Agnes Brewer—he had saved her life—rescued her from the horse."

"He had better, perhaps, have left her to die."

"I heard her say so before the storm was over—before the peaceful dawn brought its light to that wretched hovel, to a desolate girl, a revengeful man, and the affrighted witness; for while the rafters shook beneath the thunder, there was perpetrated a crime—dastardly, unholy, cruel."

Michael wiped huge beads of sweat from his temples.

"He had often knelt to her, he said, supplicating for her love, a tithe of that she had so freely given to another—the dead brother, the dead rival; and he swore that by the morning she should kneel and supplicate to him."

"In my infancy," said Michael, with sardonic bitterness, "I called that man my father."

"He taunted her with the memory of her guilty love, her willing infamy for Cecil—shall I go on, Michael, or let you guess the rest?"

"Go on," said Michael, hoarsely, "go on."

"She went upon her knees, and by her hope of salvation asked heaven to attest her innocence, her purity—he laughed; I have heard you laugh like him, Michael—like that."

The short, hard, mirthless sound which at this point broke from Ewrick's lips was such a sound as might break from a wounded thing of prey.

"The morning saw her as he said, upon her knees, supplicating his pity, asking help for her broken honor, mercy for her shame, and from him, her destroyer."

"You," said Michael, rising quivering in intense excitement, "you heard her cries for help, and raised no hand; you heard her prayer for mercy, and said no word; were you cowardly, brutish, not to try to serve her? Speak!"

"He would have brained me like a strengthless rat; could a tattered jackdaw stand between a vulture and his quarry?"

"True, true; but possessing this terrible knowledge——"

"I used it; I knew his need, he scoffed at, mocked her.

"'Give me a name,' she said, 'that I may lift my head and face my sisterhood, for my father's sake, for mine, and I forgive you.'"

"And what said he?"

"This: 'Give me my brother whom I had slain because of a cursed doubt; give me the time so lately gone when I had not risked perdition for revenge and passion.'

"And she kneeling still with outstretched hands, said:—

"'He was my husband, and I his bride—a wife, yet not a wife.'"

"Then he, reeling, staggering, stricken, saw the meaning of Lord Cecil's words, 'No power on earth could break the tie between them.'"

"This revelation seems to stun me," Michael said, slowly. "Nothing more strange can be told in the black unwritten records of our house."

"But the deep love he had borne her seemed to turn to hate, and he told her that for the crime which was indirectly at his door, because of her, she should suffer bitterly. And so she did. He gave her a name, but her life was a long day of misery. He kept her shame untold, and made her his wife. I compelled that."

"How?"

"Told him my secret, how I knew his crime, and would proclaim it should he refuse her justice. He yielded. They were married; her union with Lord Cecil was never known, and only the clergyman and witnesses were aware of that with the colonel. He took her abroad with him; she never went home again till she came home to die."

"Never went home?"

"No; he kept her in Charnett House for two days, and they were wedded in the chapel on the estate; it was at night, and at night they departed. We, the witnesses, were sworn to secrecy."

"Were you one?"

"I was, and I kept the proofs for her sake, in case anything should arise."

"You have them now?"

"I have."

"Why then," said Michael, wild with exultation, "when my worthy uncle tempted a wretch to burn the chapel and destroy all testimony he did a useless sin. I thank you for this, Reuben, from my soul I thank you; the blistering word Earl Robert and my father flung into my teeth can be proved a lie."

"I have said so. And now if you wonder why I have been faithful to you and to her name, here is the cause: her bounty kept me from hunger; her gentle kindness won her father's sympathy for me, and he was the only one who did not treat me like a dog. I did repay her, Michael."

"Devotedly. Old man, I did not think you had so much fidelity."

"She came to me when Colonel Ewrick, in his jealous fury, recalled the old taunt, and said he had married her in pity for her shame—when he repudiated her and fixed a false stigma upon you, I told her how, at any hour she wished, I could prove her right, and she said,

"'I can die in peace, for I know it. If my son is what I think he is, he will prove it.'"

"'As,'" Michael said, "I have sworn it, the shame they put on me and on her, my father, my uncle and my cousin, Sydney, I will repay in kind. His—Lord Sydney's wife—shall suffer as my mother suffered, the pangs of unacknowledged wifehood. That for revenge—though vengeance fights with passion there."

"My part of the story is told. You know the rest."

"Aye, how my sire punished her for the crime he had committed, how he used her with stern and brutal callousness, chilling back the love that would have grown, for the ties of instinct and of habit are so powerful that she did learn to love him. How he let her cherish me till I grew very dear to her; and how, just when she most wanted and could have valued my affection, he sent me away to be brought up with strangers; to see her never more, so he intended."

"He had a sinister nature."

"I thank him for his work," said Ewrick, with a flash of glowing fire. "He called me viper—spurned me, and the viper stung him."

"It was terrible. Kindred against kindred, sire against son, son against sire, and brother against brother; it has ever been so with the Charnetts."

"It was just. Terrible as my deeds may seem, I have done no worse than has been done to me. And now these proofs, Reuben, let me see them."

Uxley went to a ponderous iron chest and produced a small casket. It contained a certificate of marriage between Agnes Brewer, of Limport, and Ewrick Lois, Earl of Charnett.

Michael's eye lit on the last line like a flame.

"A peculiar document," he said. "Up to the date of this my father had not bartered his birthright."

"No."

"Who were parties to the final transaction?"

"They were the same to all. Lord Robert and Colonel Lord Ewrick, principals; Lord Cecil, myself and Doctor Hamilton, witnesses."

"Doctor Hamilton?"

"He who is now at Charnett House."

"Then he knows all?"

"Everything."

"It may be the worse for him. Answer this—the documents you hold are the only set in existence?"

"No. Doctor Hamilton has copies complete."

"S' death! Does he keep them?"

Uxley shook his head gravely.

"Messrs. Pentland and Snell, Lord Sydney's solicitors, have them."

"One might think the very fiends were at work to baffle me," said Michael, savagely, "for at every step a new obstacle rises in the way."

"Fear not," exclaimed Uxley, "fear nothing. Step by step we meet obstacles, and one by one they will fall. When none more perilous in nature than the other documents are in your way, I will say, 'Welcome Earl Michael, Master of Charnett.'"

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CUCKOO'S CRY.

Never within the memory of Charnett's simple dwellers had such a sombre day loomed over the quiet village as that which saw the sable cavalcade on its way to the old church. It was no idle curiosity to gaze upon a stately spectacle that lined the Charnett road with followers. The stern old earl had been kind to his tenants; Lord Sydney they remembered as a frank, generous boy, and their humble tribute of respect was paid to each alike, out of respect for the one, affection to the other. The son forgiven and the sire reconciled too late were soon to be side by side in peace at last—all bitterness gone—pride, ambition, passion at rest with them. No evil tongue or evil thought could keep them asunder longer; the love chain, broken in life, was linked again in eternity. The whole spectacle was singularly impressive. The hearse that bore the earl went first, and then the hearse that bore his murdered son. John Kendrake walked behind this, bareheaded, and so close that the black plumes drooped over his head. He only wore a funeral cloak over his usual garb; the common drapery of woe would have seemed a mockery to the great grief at his heart. The old grey church was thronged when the procession reached its destination. A silent, sympathetic congregation received the sorrowing lady and her little child. Many a tear was shed for her whose sweet, sad face was a strangely fair infantile miniature of her mother's. For Leonora, all sympathy was mixed with awe. Her dark, grave beauty, more statuesque and regal in this her time of desolation, made her look like a prophetess; and like a prophetess she knelt before the altar when each coffin, carried by six stalwart men, was placed upon its bier. She made no sign, and scarcely seemed to breathe while the solemn service was read; her hands were clasped, her brow upturned, and her prayerful eyes fixed upon a picture of the Holy Martyrdom. It would have been better had she wept; her tearless quietude spoke no source of sorrow. It did not tell of dull, stunned lethargy; the keen, quick, vivid anguish at her soul had set its mark on every pallid lineament. The service ended, the bearers took their burdens again; out of the dim church they went, and to the vault. Yet no word, no sigh or sob from Leonora. She waited till the palls were removed—till her husband's father and her husband were on their final resting place, and then she pressed her lips to Sydney's coffin lid, sank to her knees, and prayed. Kendrake let her remain there awhile. He took his place near to her as friend and guardian with a quiet, reverential dignity that made men wonder. Leonora left the vault with him, her hand upon his arm. The ponderous door rolled back with a cold, heavy clang, and starting with a sharp thrill then, her gaze fell full on the countenance of a stranger who stood there with uncovered head. They had met before. John Kendrake felt her clutch tighter. Surely some inward instinct must have filled her with a sickening fascination, for the stranger seemed to magnetize her. He bowed with grave respect, and turned away without speaking. The forest keeper met his parting glance, and returned it.

"Who is that man?" asked Leonora, in a whisper.

"The Chevalier de Buradoc," Kendrake said.

"I shiver at him; there is an association of strange thought. I remember him."

"Where?"

"In Paris; here—at the gate when we came home."

Her glance followed the Chevalier, who was now passing through the churchyard gate; Mr. Robert O'Neil was there. They were not separated by the distance of a yard, when O'Neil dropped something as if accidentally; it rolled to the Chevalier's foot.

"Your pardon," said O'Neil; "don't tread upon it.

He picked it up with care; had Michael Ewrick trod suddenly with naked foot upon an adder he could not have been more startled; even his wondrous nerve could not withstand the shock of being touched so unexpectedly by the bullet he had sent through his victim's head.

A moment and Michael had regained his self-possession. He bowed to O'Neil and went his way.

"I would not have it crushed for the world," the young Irishman observed quietly to a respectable old gentleman at his elbow; "it is a relic."

The respectable old gentleman to whom this information was volunteered recoiled with a gesture of curious fear.

"A relic," he echoed involuntarily.

"Some trifles," said O'Neil, "that have no intrinsic worth, derive a special value under peculiar circumstances; this I found in a pillar of the doorway at the forest keeper's lodge."

The old gentleman surveyed it with interest.

"It has two peculiarities," said O'Neil.

"Really."

"One is a steel core, you perceive; that is why the shape is to some extent retained."

"I see," assented the old gentleman uneasily.

The young Irishman grew confidential, pressed his forefinger on the other's shoulder and whispered in his ear:

"It is the ball with which Lord Sydney Lois of Charnett was assassinated."

The respectable old gentleman shrank from the oppressive forefinger, and rolled back against the stone work of the gate.

"What a shocking thing to keep," he said; "should it not be in the hands of the authorities?"

"I shall make better use of it than they," said O'Neil. "Are you resident here?"

"My name is Uxley—Reuben Uxley. I have lived in Charnett five-and-thirty years."

O'Neil lifted his hat.

"Suffer me to offer my card. I am fond of local history," he added with perfect gravity, "and should be happy to receive a little information from a gentleman who by right of long residence must have the nearest possible claims to the honor of being the oldest inhabitant."

The lawyer coughed.

"As solicitor to the Charnett family," he said, "I should be happy to receive any item of information respecting the sad occurrence that you, as a gentleman evidently interested, could give me."

"I shall have much pleasure, and the few particulars I have learned might throw a light on the mystery."

Both remained hat in hand. At this moment two carriages, one occupied by Leonora and her child, the other by John Kendrake and Doctor Hamilton went past them.

"One word," said Uxley, as O'Neil was turning away, "may I request you not to mention that little matter until you have seen me."

"The bullet—I will not."

"It is not generally known."

"Only to the two constables, you, Mr. Kendrake, and myself."

"I wonder the constables did not keep it."

"Why? The inquiry is over, the verdict recorded—that Lord Sydney was slain by a bullet was satisfactorily proved; the fact that the bullet is not an ordinary one would not be sufficient to re-open the inquiry."

"True, Mr. O'Neil; when may I expect the favor of a visit?"

"In a day or two; is it not strange, pardon the suggestion, that you do not take part in the procession?"

"I have been engaged upon important business for the family. My attendance as a formal mourner would have been a mere matter of courtesy. My regard is shown by my work."

"Aye, that is it; deeds, Mr. Uxley, not outward signs or empty words; true feeling is shown, as you say, by the work done."

"He does not think I know him so well," thought the lawyer, as O'Neil went up the lane. "I felt the force of his last remark; Michael must be with me when our friend comes to glean some local history; I never resort to extreme measures, except in extreme cases, never."

"But," he went on thoughtfully, "when a man goes in danger of his life, and can claim no legal protection, he has morally a right to take such steps as may be necessary for his own security. It was so decided by a great judicial authority, a very learned judge, and I quite agree with him."

Though the lawyer's fertile brain went to work upon the instant weaving a web in which he hoped to ensnare O'Neil, he could not drive away a strong misgiving. There was mischief meant, danger not far in the distance, from this member of Chicto's league. That the bullet had fallen at Michael's feet by design and not by accident, was apparent to Uxley, who had witnessed the incident; he also entertained a firm belief that O'Neil was perfectly acquainted with his name and profession, where he addressed Uxley as though speaking to a stranger. So he said to Michael when later in the day they were speaking of the morning's event.

"Curse him!" Ewrick said between his teeth; "but we shall thwart him, subtle as he is; what he did this morning was a warning to us both; we may expect no mercy."

"None; your quiet genial man, with careless grace of manner, is of foes the one to be most dreaded. I consider he has taken a very objectionable course of action, and only as I came home I was thinking seriously of that judicial decision."

"Satisfy your conscience with a professional dictum," said Michael, laughing ironically, "and you will hear of his fate with less remorse."

"His fate?"

"It is not yet a certainty; but I'll lay a trap for him."

"I have tried to reflect upon some measure."

"A safe and silent one, I hope; not the shadow of a track must be left, or others of his kind would scent it out like bloodhounds. The man is but an atom of a giant power; to do him harm and leave the faintest clue were to seal our own destruction."

"He is coming here."

"Here?"

"In a day or two; we formed acquaintance," Uxley said, with a grimace. "He said I had by right of long residence the nearest possible claim to the honor of being the oldest inhabitant."

"A delicate piece of flattery."

"A sneer should be respected."

"For itself?"

The lawyer knitted his brows; the question stung him. "Our friend has a taste for local history," he said, evading the interrogation, "and I am anxious to learn the few additional particulars he has gained regarding the deed at the lodge."

"So the purport of his visit is interchange of information?"

Uxley nodded an affirmative; he was meditating.

"Nothing could be done here," he said, after a pause.

"Nothing; though this is a queer old house, and has, I daresay, many a hiding-place."

Reuben Uxley changed color and glanced keenly at the speaker. The remark may or may not have been thrown out at random. Michael's face was inscrutable.

"In the days of Cromwell," Ewrick said, "if I remember an old Charnett legend rightly, this house was occupied by an ancient Jew who had a virtue common alike to his tribe and to Gentiles. He hoarded money."

The color which had begun to return in Uxley's cheek went back again.

"Some of the Puritans, a godly crew who sang hymns while they slaughtered, wanted to relieve the Jew of care; two troopers were quartered here, and they sought for the store. The old man, under persuasion—a sword made hot and pinked into his body—told them where it was."

"He did!"

"Down a disused well, to which access was gained through the floor in one of the rooms. So a trooper descended; his comrade held a light for him—you can finish the story."

"The old Jew stumbled against the trooper with the light," said Uxley, "and the trap door closed."

"The son of Abraham, fearing they might mistake the accident for violence on his part, thought it best to let matters remain as they were," concluded Michael, "and the troopers were supposed to have deserted. The well kept its secret."

"And the old man's gold."

"Where is the well?"

"Under your feet."

"S'death!"

Michael moved his chair.

"I could send you to the bottom in a moment," said Uxley, "or let you down gradually like a stage phantom, with your feet upon the trap as on a platform. Shall I show you how?"

"Thank you, no; such experiments may be interesting, but my mind has no bias that way; was it not understood that you had the well bricked up?"

"So I did," Uxley said, "but I thought such a facility should not be entirely lost, and I unbricked it again."

"Troublesome work."

"It was worth the trouble; I did not want every gaping fool in Charnett to be continually talking about the old well in the lawyer's house. Rumor had already set it abroad that he kept gold hidden there; people think me a miser."

"They are, of course, in error."

"Quite; although I see you share the idea, but my habit, my thrift and industry, should teach you better—to keep money idle is as silly as to waste it; however, my having the well bricked up ended all surmise."

"That you have it again in its old state is a secret, then?"

"It is; why did you recall the story?"

"I was thinking that if our friend O'Neil should come and chance to sit where I was sitting just now, you might try the experiment on him."

The lawyer rubbed his heavily wrinkled brow in troubled thought.

"I invariably dislike these extreme measures, but a judicial decision—the result of deep, elaborate study—confirms a man's moral right to take any step that the defence of his personal safety may render requisite."

Ewrick smiled in sarcasm at the piece of hypocritical sophistry with which the old man salved his conscience while resolving to sacrifice a fellow creature's life with such sinister deliberation.

"Solomon could not have solved a difficulty with more wisdom," he said. "Act upon it, Uxley, if we get a chance."

"He is sure to come."

"Let us hope so; and now, to-day, I take the next step in our work."

"So soon?—the child?"

"No, the will, the one that is not wanted—the one in Sydney's favor, which should have been destroyed; I wonder you let it escape you."

"I was too closely watched."

"No matter, Stephen Lester is a serviceable spy; I caught his eye to-day at the funeral, and by the sign he made there is something to be done to-night. I told him what I desired when I saw him last; perhaps he has got it for me."

Uxley shook his head.

"I should think not; the lady would keep that."

"We shall see."

The lawyer was correct in his conjecture. The will made in Lord Sydney's favor before he incurred his father's anger, and which the old earl's declaration on his dying bed made a sacred deed of love, Leonora herself had taken from the dead by the sire's touch—he had said it was for Sydney after all. So Leonora wore it in her breast, obeying one of the strange fanciful impulses that come of sorrow and cause the bereaved to set much store on any relic of the dead—it was the token of Earl Robert's forgiveness—it was proof of her child's birthright. To ascertain that it was kept in such a resting place was not a difficult matter to Stephen Lester; he had not the fertile strategy of those with whom he was in direct and indirect complicity, a simpler craft—an astute cunning given him by nature served his purpose quite as well. One of the female servants—an affectionate, unsophisticated girl—had attached herself to Leonora from the first. Sorrow is quick to catch at and cling to unobstrusive sympathy, and Leonora repaid the girl's attachment in her own royal way. So becoming as she did her ladyship's favorite attendant, this girl had ample opportunities of watching her mistress. She mentioned innocently enough any little act on Leonora's part that struck her fancy.

"The poor lady did love him dearly," she had said one evening when the domestics were gathered together in the servant's hall; "the very ground he walked upon, and everything he touched. She values even the will that the earl made about him."

"Why?" another had asked.

"Because it was meant for Lord Sydney after all," said the girl, "and that looked like forgiveness I suppose?"

A few more questions—suggested apparently with mere curiosity by Stephen Lester—elicited all he wanted to know. The information thus derived he gave to Michael Ewrick. He, going from the lawyer's house after their recent conversation, went within earshot of the house, and took up his position near a shadowy clump of trees. The next moment a low monotonous bird note—a cuckoo's cry—was heard distinctly on the evening air. The steward knew what it meant. He strolled from the mansion towards the trees.

"Stephen Lester."

The voice sounded so near that it startled him. He turned; the tall, fine form and handsome face of Michael confronted him.

"Briefly," Ewrick said, "and walk while we speak. What of the other?"

"The will—that one, which if it were the only one, would make you master here? It is where it was."

"In the old cabinet."

"Into which I have found the way. It will offer no resistance."

"Good—be prepared."

"When?"

"At midnight. A rope from *her* window will do. If all is safe let me see a light in yours."

"A rope from her window."

The steward trembled as though he stood upon the brink of a terrible danger. He could not but read the sinister fire of the other's glittering eye.

"From hers?" said Michael under his breath. "You need not fear, I shall risk nothing, even in the face of such temptation. Now return, and do not forget—at midnight."

"You will be here?"

"Listen for the signal—I shall not fail."

"But will a single rope suffice?"

"I have scaled an eagle's eyrie with one slender cord, and that so worn that hardy mountaineers have quaked to see me. Go—and remember."

"Beware of Kendrake," the steward said, "he is a sleepless sentinel."

"Which chamber does he occupy?"

"It is separated from hers only by an outer room and a short corridor. He keeps it as a study and rarely sleeps till daybreak."

"Enough."

Michael strode away with a gloomy smile on his proud lips. There was a fierce and dangerous devil at his heart. He thought of midnight.

"Kendrake"—he said, in bitter meditation; "why does that man cross me at every turn? Why do I, spite of my sterner nature, feel it like a peril? Is it a presage, or do I, coward-like, shrink in thought from what cowards would fear? I seem to grow sick fancies as the hour draws near. Leonora! How the word thrills me coldly, yet my soul is burning."

He strode on in bitter musing still.

"To see her, watch her in slumber, perhaps, in the quiet of her glorious beauty, and not to dare a touch—a kiss—'twere madness. Yet it must be done. A cry, though I might stifle it, would bring destruction."

It was a thought that strung his quick and powerful temperament to its utmost tension. He half feared to trust himself, yet, till the time came, the minutes went with leaden slowness. He wandered through the loneliness of Charnett like an unquiet spirit seeking refuge from a keen and sateless torment. He shunned the village lest he should meet any of human kind. With his strange soul, he did not seem to hold a kindred tie with his fellow men. The old church clock struck twelve. It was a weird, quaint fancy that made him think each separate knell floated distinctly towards him and hung with solemn weight over his head ere the deep echoes died. A pale moon, shining with fitful faintness in the sombre sky, cast a dull light on the shadowy heights of Charnett House. The wind that swept glebe and forest had never sung so sadly to his ear.

"It is time," he muttered. And from the clump of trees he watched Stephen Lester's window. The cuckoo's note he uttered went far across the gloom of Charnett Heath.

The light shone, flashed twice across the glass, and disappeared.

"Now," he said, in a low, hoarse whisper, "now."

Swiftly, stealthily, like a tiger, and as savage in purpose, he crept to the wall beneath Leonora's casement. The rope was there. Resolute and ruthless in his own evil work, he was too fearless to suspect treachery from the lesser miscreant he employed. Not a fear, not a misgiving troubled him as he seized the end of the rope and began to climb. The lamplight, showing with dusky richness through the crimson curtains, enabled him to discern the slight fastening that held the lattice. Clinging with one hand to the trailing ivy, he knelt upon the sill, and opening a broad, keen dagger-knife with his teeth, forced back the hasp. Then—a phantom could not have trod more noiselessly—he entered Leonora's chamber. There was a death-like hush throughout the house death had so lately left. The night intruder could hear his own heart beat, every suffocating breath with which his massive chest heaved and

EDWIN KELLY. MINSTREL MANAGER AND BALLADIST. For Biographical Sketch see another column.

sank. The lady lay in stirless sleep, her pallid beauty wearing the aspect of marble under the sombre hangings of her bed. One magnificent arm was coiled—white and bare almost to the shoulder—round the fragile form of little Alice. A thick choking feeling rose to Michael's throat. A world of black, hot, burning passion swam to his humid eyes, and then, stealing on tiptoe towards her with the old, fierce, dangerous devil, flooding a raging madness into heart and brain, he stood and gazed as Tarquin must have gazed upon Lucretia.

"To look upon her thus," he said, shaping his chaos of wild thoughts into a voiceless whisper, "be here *alone*, and she quite helpless, to stand like this and quiver through and through with a sense like death's dearest agony! Oh, to crush her in my arms—let my lips cling to hers, and see her eyes kindle like stars with a feeling kindred to that which rages here—it is madness—madness! Leonora!"

The word was whispered involuntarily—she stirred. He heard a sound—the signal—a faint long and monotonous cry, it turned him from his passion to his purpose. Not an instant too soon; the lady slumbering heavily after her weary trial did not wake, but little Alice did. She would have shrieked had not the savage menace of his gesture frozen her into silent terror. One step took him to the cabinet; he raised the ponderous lid, drew forth the second will, and placed a folded parchment in its stead. Then while the child still lay mute, his daring hand went like a sacrilege through the white robe Leonora wore into her whiter breast. He felt the silken case. To take the will from it and substitute the other was a moment's work; he put the silken receptacle back to its resting place, and though the unhallowed hand touched her Leonora did not wake to blight him with the outraged anger of her glance. Again he heard the cuckoo's cry. Well for him, well for the unconscious lady that it came to warn him. The demon of his soul was growing conquerless, but he dared not stay. Yet before he went he gave way to a resistless impulse, and swooping like an eagle to its prey he set his mouth to hers. Had the act hurled him into the red depths of perdition he would have dared it. Could time be annihilated by intensity of sense the moment that he clung drinking rapture from her rich, humid lips, would have been a full share of human existence. He left her reeling, staggering, with heart and soul and brain swimming in a worse than drunken dose. And still she did not wake. Not till little Alice buried her face in the pillow, and so with her spell bound faculties released from the stranger's terrible look, gave a sharp, piercing shriek. Then Leonora's slumber was broken.

Michael had reached the window, but the lady saw him; a black mask hid his countenance, yet she recognized him by instinct. Her voice rang out,

"Help, help! John Kendrake, *he* is here!"

The cry was answered. The keeper, who had sat hard at study far into the night and fallen asleep over his book, sprang up at the first sound; his gun was in his hand, and dashing through the corridor and state room he reached her chamber.

"At the window," Leonora said. "Look for him there—or is it some terrible dream?"

So indeed it seemed. Nothing but Michael Ewrick's wondrous nerve could have served him in such a crisis. He shut the window with a swift and steady hand. The hasp sprung back to its place, and the curtains falling into folds left all as before. Then he slid half way down the rope. He could go no farther, for the window opened, and his life depended on his stillness. He crouched with bated breath against the dark wall and the ivy, while Kendrake, with his gun glistening in the moonlight, peered into the gloom. His keen eye, accustomed as it was to the dull night, could detect nothing. It did not catch sight of the rope. And Michael's form, in its dark dress, looked only like a shapeless shadow on the ivy leaves

"A dream," he said, closing the casement, "a dream, my lady; there is nothing here."

"Dreams can be strangely real, then," Leonora said; "the face was masked, but the man—there was about him that unutterable distinctiveness which can never be mistaken—it was the Chevalier de Buradoc."

John Kendrake, white as ashes, leaped to the window again. This time he took the lamp, and threw its light downward in a direct line.

"*Ha!" he said, "it was no dream!"*

The lamp dashed aside—his weapon leveled—aimed with an eye that never erred, and with an iron finger on the trigger—there was nothing but forty yards of space between death and the stranger in the mask. He had reached the ground, and was about to speed away, when the click of Kendrake's gun lock made him pause. He turned—the mask fell, and left bare a beardless face—handsome, mocking, defiant, demoniac and smiling.

"Here," he said, pointing with one finger to his breast, "here, fire—you cannot kill!"

His sardonic laugh sounded unearthly. John Kendrake dropped his gun with a groan of bitter, sorrowful despair.

"My oath," he said, "my oath; it was sworn to the dead, I cannot break it."

TO BE CONTINUED.

OUR DRAMATIC PORTRAIT GALLERY.

EDWIN KELLY.

MR. KELLY was born in Dublin, and educated in London for a surgeon. He was a life pupil of St. George's Hospital. Came to this country after completing his medical studies, in accordance with a resolve made when very young. On arriving here his youthful appearance precluded the possibility of his immediately establishing a practice in his profession. He was introduced to Mr. John Ordway, proprietor of the celebrated Ordway's Æolians, (now Dr. Ordway, of Boston). Possessing a fine tenor voice, with a natural aptitude for the stage, combined with a good personal appearance and a superior degree of intelligence, an engagement was at once effected, and young Kelly was speedily initiated into the mysteries of cork. His close application and careful attention to his new profession soon produced the most gratifying results. As a light comedian, interlocutor and ballad singer he married favorite. After remaining a considerable time with Ordway's companies, and became a very popular performer. At length he entered the managerial arena as a partner, and manager of the Academy of Music in Chicago, which was built under his supervision, where he collected a fine company, and by his judgment and energy, as well as his efforts to elevate the tone of minstrelsy, rendered the name of his company a household word in every family in the great West. After five years of continued success, Mr. Kelly, with his partner, Leon, transferred their attention to Cincinnati, where another and prettier minstrel hall was speedily erected and opened with as much success as had attended his former enterprise. But this gratifying result was of short duration, as a fire in a few hours swept away the beautiful hall, wardrobe and everything pertaining to the company, among which were some valuable operettas, ballads and minstrel acts, written by Mr. Kelly, and which cannot be replaced. After this event Kelly resolved to try the great metropolis, opening at the place now known as Kelly and Leon's Minstrel Hall, Oct. 1st, 1866, where, up to the present time, they have done a most excellent business, and established themselves as firm favorites with the public. As a manager, Mr. Kelly has proved himself to be every way competent to conduct a first class troupe. As an interlocutor he is well up in the business, being posted in all its details. He is a sweet ballad singer, possessing a clear tenor voice, and always pleases the public. He is also good in the olio business, adding materially to the double acts of Mr Leon.

GYMNASTICS.

GYMNASTIC EXHIBITION AT PATERSON, N. J.

Prof. John Wood of the 28th street gymnasium, assisted by a number of his pupils, gave one of their popular gymnastic and pantomimic entertainments, by special request, at the Wasden Opera House, Paterson, N. J., on Wednesday evening, 13th inst. The house was filled long before the curtain rose, and to judge from numerous *encores*, the performances must have been highly satisfactory to the audience. The programme comprised only a part of the usual exercises, as the apparatus used was sent from New York, and only put upon the stage temporarily.

The entertainment began with

1st. Beautiful tableaux on the magic ladders, by Messrs. Bale, Sands, Van Tine, Le Comte, French, Waters and Myers.

2d. La Perche Equilibre, Prof. Wood and Ed. Montague.

3d. Single trapeze, by the accomplished gymnast, Hugo O'Neil.

4th. The Two Comics, a comic act by Messrs. Bale and Sands.

5th. Ariel Flights (on the slack rope) by Ed. Montague, in his usual daring and graceful manner; this act is a specialty of his.

6th. Scientific exercise with the Indian Clubs by Ed. Russell, ("Champion of America") and Prof. Wood. Russell went through all of the most difficult motions with a pair of 30lb clubs, followed by Mr. Wood, who swung a pair of light clubs in a surprising variety of graceful evolutions.

7th. Double trapeze, by Messrs. Bale and Sharp, who performed a number of thrilling feats; both were warmly applauded on retiring.

8th. Suspended, or Flying Rings, in which Messrs. Le Comte, O'Neil, Wood and Russell, exhibited extraordinary feats of strength and agility.

9th. Parterre Act and Ground and Lofty Tumbling, by Waters, French and Montague.

10th. Horizontal Bar, by the company, the principal feats being O'Neil's giant's swing, Sand's hand balance, together with Waterbury and Montague in their daring "Free Will" exercise. This concluded the gymnastics, and while the boys were preparing for the pantomime, Messrs. Reynolds and Raymond, of Paterson, (both amateurs) gave the audience a double clog dance, which brought down the house. The entertainment concluded with a laughable and side splitting Shadow Pantomime, characters by Signors Balenio, Van Tine, Sanrino, and the rest of the talented troupe. Great credit is due to Messrs. Wood and Bale, for the very able and efficient manner in which they arranged the programme, and the entertainment will long be remembered by those who were fortunate enough to be present that evening.

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY YARDS HANDICAP ON THE TAPIS.—Mr. William Warner will give $50, to be run for in a handicap, on Simmons' Island, Cohoes, N. Y., open to all runners twenty miles round Cohoes, entrance $5; acceptance, 50 cents; to be run on the 10th of March. Entries to be made at William Warner's, Cohoes, Albany Co., N. Y., up to the time to enter after the 25th of February. Any one entering a false name will not be allowed to run. Every runner's start will be seen in the CLIPPER on the 9th of March, and acceptances must be made as above, not later than Saturday, the 9th of March. Send in your names, boys.

FOOT RACE ON THE CARPET.—We are informed that articles of agreement have been entered into between Ed. Williams, of Portsville, Pa., and Bill Johnson, of Elmira, N. Y., for a spin on Portsville race grounds—distance not named—on the 13th inst., for $300 a side. James Scarling has been chosen stakeholder, and $100 a side are now deposited in his hands.

DOG CHALLENGE REPEATED.—Henry J. Smith, of Louisville, Ky., says he will back his dog, Joey, 21 lbs weight, against Ben Sabine's of Chicago, brindle dog, Crib, late of Boston, 22 lbs weight, for "$2,000 a side," in May next. The fight to come off in Louisville. Smith allowing Sabine $50 for expenses. Smith means the brindle dog Crib, of Boston, some call him the Snapper. If this challenge is accepted, Sabine may let his dog Snapper as much as he pleases.

CANINE ENGAGEMENT.—There is to be a dog dispute entered into between Bob Fitzgerald and Joe Neill, in Buffalo, on the 9th of March, at 40lb weight, for $200. It is expected to be a desperate set-to, as Neill's dog is one of the Old Pepper stock, and a bone breaker of the first water.

PIGEON SHOOT ON THE ICE.—A large congress of trigger sharps convened on the frozen bosom of the Delaware, opposite Bridesburg, recently, to try their skill for a gunning skill. Seventeen chances were taken, and the conditions were to shoot at five singles each, first miss to stand off. Ed. Perry, R. Cornell and Tom Dickson, having killed all their birds, agreed to shoot at one each, the result of which was still a tie, when darkness caused a suspension of the sport.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1867.

To Correspondents.

MRS. M. L. A., Albany.—This lady, a widow only 18 years old, wishes some gentleman to correspond with her; we should be happy to accommodate her ourself, but we have so many of the same sort to attend to that we cannot undertake it. The widow's parents are all dead, she tells us, so there would appear to be a clear field. *He* must send his photograph and *she* will send *hern* in return.

GREENHORN.—"At cribbage, a tray was played first, four next, deuce next, five next, an ace next and six next. My adversary then plays a tray and claims six holes. I object on the ground that the sequence ended when the six spot was played. Am I right?".....You are mistaken. The last tray played renewed the sequence, and your opponent was entitled to six points therefor.

SEDATE.—1. Taken on the whole it is an unsatisfactory performance, as he introduces so much new business that it spoils what few beauties he shows in the rendition. 2. She intends returning to this country shortly, but her future engagements we are not at liberty to divulge. 3. We presume Mr. Wood knows his own business best.

MANY SUBSCRIBERS, Cincinnati, O.—It doesn't follow that because a man's name does not appear in the British Fistiana he never fought in England, and until we have better proof than the writer who gives the above for his signature, Barney Frain will have the credit of winning two battles in the old country.

STIFF NECK, Chicago, Ill.—"A plays a deuce, B a tray, C a tray and D a four. C bets $10 to D's $25 that he (D) cannot count three points for a sequence of 2, 3, 4. Can he or can he not?".....D cannot take three points for 2, 3, 4, as the pair of trays coming together cuts off the sequence.

EUGENE, Fulton, N. Y.—1. Jack Hamilton, or Shepherd, as he was called, came from England especially to train Morrissey for his fight with Heenan as Aaron Jones did to train Heenan. Hamilton's assistants were John Lawrence and Dan Burns. 2. No. 3. Drop him a line at the Hurlgate Ferry House, 86th street.

JULIAN, Norwich.—1. If he has ever appeared in this city it must have been at one of the Bowery theatres. 2. Jenny is not married that we know of. 3. You could not obtain such a position in any theatre in this city. 4. Items of news are always acceptable.

P. O'M.—John Carmel Heenan informs us that he weighed 178lbs. (12st. 10lbs.) the day he fought Tom Sayers, and 196lbs. (14st.) when he fought Tom King—this you can gamble on. Carmel misunderstood our question as previously propounded, and hence the "non-sequitur."

SYLVEE, Providence, R. I.—1. In the return billiard match between Goldthwait and McDevitt, in this city, at Irving Hall, on Nov. 30, 1866, Goldthwait won by a score of 1,502 to 1,137. 2. An account of the fight between Geo. Rooke and Tim Hussey was published in the CLIPPER of October 13th, 1866.

J. M. C.—1. The greatest lift of which we possess any record was done by Ambrose Butts, of Auburn, Ohio, viz., 2,737½ lbs. 2. We have no data of that race—your only way will be to write to the party himself at the *Sporting Life* office, 148 Fleet street, London, Eng.

ROXBERRY.—"A, B, C and D are playing straight poker or bluff. B goes $1 blind. C straddles B, putting in $2. D straddles C, putting in $4, and A straddles D, putting in $8. B, after looking at his hand, wants to come in. How much does it cost him?".....$15.

SHOWMAN, Rochester.—1. You can engage a *danseuse* and vocalist for from $20 to $30 a week and expenses. 2. Gymnasts can be had for about the same price. 3. You can obtain all the information you want by writing to some one of the dramatic agents that advertise in our columns.

P. P., Philadelphia.—Mr. Wm. B. Wood was an actor of considerable reputation. His range of characters embraced nearly the whole scale of dramatic performance; and with his various powers it would be difficult for us to say in what *role* laid his chief excellence. He died in Philadelphia, Sept. 23, 1861.

H. B., Philadelphia.—Two pairs beat two aces; a straight beats two pair; three of a kind beat a straight; a flush beats three of a kind; a full hand beats a flush; four of a kind beats a full hand. A straight is always beaten by a flush.

A CONSTANT READER.—"At cribbage, A plays a deuce, making 16, B plays another deuce, making 18. B holds the last card which is a deuce, making 20. How many does B count?".....Six for pair royal and one for last card.

J. O. H., Philadelphia.—1. We have no record of any man of that name fighting Johnny Monaghan. 2. Joe Coburn did train for his match with Jem Mace, and also received £100 to draw the money.

BLACKSMITH, Franklin, Pa.—1. We cannot inform you; we are not aware that any such drawing took place. 2. We have not yet decided; if we conclude so to do, notice will be given through the CLIPPER.

MELTON, Hoboken, N. J.—1. The spring meetings have not yet been held. 2. The St. George Club has purchased a plot of ground on your side of the river, we are informed. 3. Five card cribbage is generally preferred to six.

C. A. B., Chicago.—1. Mrs. Frank Drew was at last accounts with a variety troupe traveling West. 2. Julia has married and for a time retired from the stage. 3. She is a sister-in-law. 4. She has not appeared in any theatre East for a number of years.

A BOSTON CORRESPONDENT.—Being on the ground you have better facilities for finding out all about Lambert than we have—call on Jimmy Griffin at Shea's wine store, corner of Elliott and Carver streets.

HAWKEYE.—1. We are not sufficiently conversant with the subject to answer so as to decide a bet. We think they are not manufactured, however. 2. You had better write to some first class jeweller.

ANXIOUS.—We do not think it proper for one partner to exclaim that he will assist; it has a tendency to interfere with the next player's rights.

J. M., Alton.—1. Where there is no game out, of course there is no game to count. 2. The Jack is counted whether the trump is made or not.

CLAUDE NIGHT, Auburn, N. Y.—We cannot find the advertisement you allude to. Perhaps you can get what you want by addressing J. J. Berry, North Strafford, N. H.

P. ROOT.—To make it clear, we here state that Captain Barclay walked 1,000 miles in 1,000 consecutive hours; that is, he walked one mile each hour for 1,000 hours in succession.

VIGILANT, Philadelphia, Pa.—According to the articles of agreement published in our columns, the Henrietta did enter the ocean yacht race by subscription of the New York Yacht Club.

BOXER, New Haven, Conn.—1. Joe Coburn never fought Jem Mace in England or anywhere else. 2. Send your address and 10 cents and you'll have in return one of "them papers."

STONEWALL, Trenton, N. J.—The cricket season does not commence here until after May 1st. The weather is generally too cold, and the ground too wet to commence earlier.

C. G.—Bill Hayes was the party originally selected to train Heenan for his fight at Long Point, but being too sick to leave England, Aaron Jones got the job.

H. J. S., Louisville, Ky.—As the parties may not care about seeing their names in print, you had better write to Jennings himself—he will no doubt decide for you.

J. M.—Morrissey and Sullivan fought at Boston Four Corners on the 12th of October, 1853, 37 rounds in 55 minutes, M. proving the victor.

GEO. D., Bridgefield, Ct.—"At cribbage, B plays a four, A a deuce, B a five and A a tray. Can A claim four points for a sequence?".....Yes.

L. E. S., Cleveland.—The *Herald* published a full list of the prizes. By sending to the office of the committee, 489 Broadway, this city, you can get a list of the drawings.

P. W. E.—1. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was originally played in Troy, N. Y. 2. Among the leading organists of this country are Morgan, Payne, Berge and Thayer.

PHILADELPHIA.—Sir Wm. Don made his *debut* in this country Nov., 1850, as Cousin Joe in "Rough Diamond," at the Broadway Theatre, this city.

EDWINA, Philadelphia.—You had better book your name with some of the dramatic agencies. Some charge a booking fee and some do not.

SPORT, Elmira.—1. The rent of halls through the country averages $10 a night. 2. The license is from $1 to $5. 3. $300 worth of printing will carry you along one month.

F. F. F., Milwaukee.—1. Dick Sliter was a jig dancer. He never did a clog dance. 2. At draughts or checkers it is proper to exchange at any time, stake or no stake.

J. M.—"What present did James Gorden Bennett, Jr., make to Capt. Samuels for winning the ocean yacht race?".....A house worth over $30,000, it is said.

J. C. W., Rogersville.—You can obtain instruments for a minstrel company from almost any hotel keeper in the West, as several companies have left them behind for safe keeping.

RICHFIELD.—A horse does not lose the heat by breaking on or near the score, and running over it, if his driver endeavors to get him down again.

THOS. KELLY.—As you and Parkinson have to meet or be represented at the last deposit, then will be the time to appoint that party.

CONSTANT READER, Harlem.—Cannot locate Mr. James Carlton at present. When we last heard of him he had left the profession and was working at his trade in Buffalo.

MILWAUKEE.—1. Captain McGowan trotted 20 miles in 58 min. 25 sec. The fastest on record. 2. Your dog must cross the pit to the opposite dog when it is his turn to scratch.

A READAN, Philadelphia.—She is reported to have died in New Orleans during the late cholera excitement.

M. M. M.—The fastest mile trotted in public by Mr. Bonner's three-in-hand team was 2:20.

D. L. S., Atchison.—He cannot demand a return of his money, as it was no advantage to the dealer having three cards short.

J. D. ARIEL.—We do not know where Davis, the ped, is at present. Never received an account of the race you mention.

J. B. T., Washington.—L. John was born in Cincinnati, we are told. 2. Mr. Collyer was married to Maggie's sister Mary.

FISHTAIL SIDE, Chester.—Sharpley is considered the best performer and is the most original.

PAPER BOYS, Fitchburg.—Mr. Roberts, 90 Ninth Avenue, can furnish you with clogs.

AMATEUR, Chicago.—1. Helen is 24 years of age. She is married. 2. A season is forty-two weeks.

JOHN H. T., Clinton, Iowa.—We shall always be glad to hear from you.

NIGGER, Cleveland, O.—1. The term "nigger" is derived from the Latin word niger, meaning black. 2. Can't say.

J. J.—Sam Collyer was one of Larry Curry's seconds when he defeated Hen Dufley at Gloucester Point, Va., in 1865.

BINGHAMTON.—C can play it alone if he orders up the trump, which is the privilege of any player in turn.

E. H., Albany.—Owing to A not following suit, the opposite party are entitled to score one point.

A. B. C. AND P., Cincinnati.—It rests with A and B whether to run them further, or bunch them; C has no say.

CLOGGIST.—We have a regular department for giving biographies and cannot give them in this column.

O. J. W., Rochester, N. Y.—Yes, the lady was the same that was mixed up in the affair to which you allude.

J. B., Charlestown, Mass.—William B. Astor is usually credited with being at "the top of the heap."

PITTSBURGH.—Salvage could not be claimed under such circumstances.

D. S. A., Portsmouth, N. H.—Thank you. Should be glad to have the additional information.

ENQUIRER, Pittsburgh.—We do not know the gentleman's address.

G. W. P.—Every actor should be a good elocutionist, or else his chances for becoming great are very limited.

DAVE B., Dunkirk.—A Frenchman from Limerick gives "shing fain" as being a Corkonian expression, meaning myself or us.

J. L. A.—We do not publish them; they make such *dry* reading for the public.

L. C. B., Danbury, Conn.—You should have ejected him from the office; the publication of your note would do no good now.

T. S., Pithole City.—Your question is entirely out of our line—ask your girl.

ALECK, Newark, N. J.—At cribbage, four fives count twenty, viz., eight by fifteens and twelve for double pair royal.

J. W. A., Binghamton, N. Y.—Address Messrs. Emerson & Stockwell, No. 29 Ann street, N. Y.

BROWN CROOK.—Geo. Rooke was born in Ireland—Collins in England, of Irish parents.

W. S. B., Philadelphia.—The report is rather too old for publication at this date. Thank you for your attention, however.

ZANESVILLE.—Morrissey was never defeated in the P. R. by Heenan.

STEPHEN E. T., Portland, Me.—See editorial announcement in another column.

J. E. H.—Our advertising terms are 12 cents per line each and every insertion. Duplicate copy if terms suit.

CONSTANT READER, Skowhegan.—It is easily removed with soap and water.

JOE MILLER, Philadelphia.—Mr. Pickering's letter has been taken out.

LOUIS.—1. Keno. 2. If you are a good pantomimist you could command a salary of $50 a week.

A MISERABLE BEING.—Westchester House, corner of Broome and Bowery, this city.

J. C., Atlanta, Ga.—We know nothing of the parties except that they pay promptly for their advertisement.

H. M. C., Columbus, Ohio.—The Macready riot took place May 10, 1849.

SUB.—Fulton is generally credited with that honor.

OLD FAT.—Who do you mean by Elise?

ROVER, Newark.—Violia Barrett is Mrs. Conway's niece.

CRIBBAGE.—Sixty-one points.

JOHNNY MONAGHAN.—We have a letter for you.

ED. MONTAGUE, Gymnast.—A letter for you.

HOWARD, Lockport.—The book will be completed in a few weeks.

RICHELIEU, Pittsburgh.—Write on one side of the paper only.

CHIPPS, Elmira.—All right. You can go it alone.

AGATE, Cincinnati.—Your telegraph did not come to hand.

J. W. C., Mt. Pleasant, Ia.—Dexter's best time is 2:18.

BILL LADD.—A letter awaits you.

ED. TROY.—Send for a letter.

J. C., Roxberry.—See answers to Roxberry.

THE AMERICAN SCULLING CHAMPIONSHIP.

James Hamill vs. Walter Brown.

By reference to the appropriate department in this issue, the aquatic public will be gratified to observe that at last there has been a cessation of the pen and ink hostilities, prosecuted through the medium of the CLIPPER for some time past between Jimmy Hamill, the recognized sculler, *par excellence*, of American waters, and the young Portland oarsman, Walter Brown, who looketh askance at the honors attendant upon the position held by James of Pittsburgh, and hopes by the prowess of his good right arm to secure the same in a friendly trial in manipulating the spruces. A meeting was held at our office on the 16th inst, Brown being present and Hamill represented by his brother John, when matters were satisfactorily arranged after little or no quibbling, and each attached his autograph to the articles stipulating to row a five mile race for the championship and $2,000 in May next, Brown to be allowed $300 as expenses, in consideration of the race taking place over the Monongahela Course. Since the defeat of Josh Ward by Brown in their great race in Portland harbor last season, the latter has been very desirous of an opportunity to measure strength with Hamill, and it is more than probable that a race would have been arranged between them then had it not been for the result of the great international contest, Walter deeming it uncourteous to challenge the champion in consequence. The cards which have passed between the parties have brought up the feelings of their friends to a pretty high pitch, and as both have plenty of adherents who will risk their stamps freely in upholding their opinions, it will be emphatically a betting race, and will probably attract a larger attendance, and create more excitement than any similar contest which has ever taken place among us. It is to be regretted that Brown would not consent to row a three-miler also which was his first proposition, and his refusal rather surprised us, especially as he claims the championship at that distance upon the plea that Jimmy previously refused to accommodate him—a plea that the champion wont admit, but says that Walter will have to pull for the honor if he desires it. The reputation of the people of Pittsburgh, in whose waters the contest is to eventuate, for impartial dealing, liberality in backing their favorites, and hospitable treatment to strangers, will, we are confident, be fully sustained on this occasion, and no one who has ever been there will doubt that the ambitious young athlete from Main will have as fair a show as his opponent, while as far as the course is concerned, there is no better, excepting, perhaps, that at Worcester. The public may rely upon being kept posted by the CLIPPER in regard to the match as it progresses.

THE YACHT VESTA.—The published log of the passage of the Vesta in the great ocean yacht race would imply that the captain was unfit for the position, and that to his timidity is attributed the loss of the race. It appears that he was afraid to push the little craft, afraid to carry sail, and was otherwise wanting in nerve. Why was he selected then? For a contest like that between the Henrietta, Fleetwing, and Vesta, the captains engaged therein should all be men of caution, but at the same time have the dash and courage of true seamen. The crew of the Vesta are reported as being all that could be desired, but as their hands were tied, they could only obey the orders of the captain, although well knowing that much greater speed could have been got out of the staunch little vessel had the proper efforts been made. As it proved, the Vesta, that under other circumstances might have taken first place in the race, was the last.

ASSOCIATED PRESS OPERATORS.—Mr. Craig that was, and Mr. Simonton that is, the telegraphic news agent of the associated press, have been having a clever little set-to in the daily papers since our last. If we are to credit the statements made by these agents, they are both scallywags of the first water, and not to be believed on oath; they handle each other without gloves, and drop in sundry sockdologers on the most vulnerable parts. If the associated press keep such characters in their employ, the public will begin to look upon the whole caboodle with suspicion.

RULES AND REGULATIONS FOR COCKING.—Of late we have been importuned so often to give the rules of this branch of sport, as somehow or other they seem to have got out of print, that we have concluded to publish an article in our next issue, embracing information on breeding and training game fowls, together with the rules. We make this announcement so that those interested may secure copies of the same. This will serve as a reply to several correspondents.

OUR CANDIDATE FOR CONGRESS.—The Fortieth Congress will witness the *debut* of the Hon. John Morrissey, who will take his seat on the 4th of March. We shall watch the conduct of the John Guily of America, and if he earns for himself no worse name than Alderman Norton, the men who elected him will have no cause to go back on their vote. Look out for John!

CABLE NEWS!—On and after March 1st, the charge for messages by the Atlantic Cable will be one dollar and twenty-five cents per word. When first put in operation the tariff was five dollars per word. Gradually the rates will be so reduced as to bring the cable within the reach of others besides capitalists and speculators.

YOUNG MEN'S FRIENDSHIP CLUB.—This club is to hold its annual ball at Lyric Hall, corner of Broadway and 47th street, on the evening of Monday, 25th inst. We thank the "Young Men" for an invitation to be there.

WESTERN MARKET BASE BALL CLUB.—The first annual ball of this Philadelphia association will come off on the 20th inst., at Broadway Hall, Spring Garden street.

STEAM TUG RACE.—A novel and interesting race took place on Monday morning (the 18th) between the steam tugs C. Y. Davenport and Hattie C. Lawson, which, after a close and interesting trial of speed, was won by the Davenport. The race was for $300 a side, sailing from Pleasant Valley and thence to the foot of West 10th street. Up to 40th street the tugs were side by side, but here the Lawson broke down owing to the water in her boiler giving out. Not satisfied with the result, the captain of the losing tug challenged the winner for another trial for $1,000 a side, which was accepted, and their next contest will make no little excitement among nautical men. A large number of tugs with many ladies on board accompanied the rivals, while the foot of 10th street was crowded with spectators who manifested considerable interest in the affair. We received an invite to accompany the excursionists, but owing to a press of business were unable to participate.

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

MARCH 19.—Tom Kelly and Bill Parkinson, 8st., $500 a side.
APRIL 3.—Bill Davis and Ned Burnett, $500 a side, catch weight.
9.—George Rooke and Chas. Collins, 10st. 10lbs., $500 a side.
11.—Tommy Chandler and Dooney Harris, 9st. 12lbs., $2,500 a side in gold.

THE BOLSTER AND WARBURTON FIGHT.

A VERY TAME AND UNINTERESTING AFFAIR.

SIX ROUNDS FOUGHT IN TEN MINUTES.

NOBODY HURT—EVERYBODY DISSATISFIED.

The match between Race Bolster, of Waterford, Conn,, and Bill Warburton, of Sheffield, Eng., which assumed some importance owing to Bolster's fights with Sam Collyer and Mike Carr, is now one of the things of the past, and judging from the "remarks" from those who witnessed it, is not likely to prove of any special benefit to either party.

The men fought at Naugatuck Junction, Conn., and the few who went from New York to see it went by boat on Monday, the day previous, to New Haven, that being the rendezvous, and from there the party took the cars early on Tuesday morning, Feb. 12th, for the "scene of action," which was reached at about sunrise. The contest is said to have been for $500 a side. Before going further we may as well allude to the men and their doings.

Bolster was born in Waterford, Conn., about 1841, stands 5ft. 6in. in height, and weighed, on the present occasion, 126lb. He has fought twice, with Sam Collyer, the present Light-weight Champion, and Mike Carr, *alias* English, to both of whom he lowered his flag, his fight with Collyer being on the 8th of last May, for $300 a side, near Alexandria, Va., lasting 55 minutes, wherein 49 rounds were contested, and that with Carr, on July 20th, 1866, for the same amount, 23 rounds in thirty minutes. He was trained by Jack Hopkins, at the West Rock Hotel, near New Haven, assisted during the latter part by Hugh, or as he is better known, Butt Riley.

Warburton is an Englishman, born in Sheffield, Eng., about 1834, is 5ft 8in., and was 11st 6lb (160lb) on the day of his "maiden essay." He was backed from Hartford, where he once had numerous friends and could at one time make a good display with the gloves, although he seems to have entirely forgotten the use of his dukes, by his present engagement. He is said to have figured in the P. R. "at 'ome," but we never could learn who with. Larry Healy (the one who had the glove fight with Bolster a short time ago,) trained him at the Echo, Congress avenue, New Haven.

The ring officials were J. Church, who acted as umpire for Warburton, J. Hopkins, ditto for Bolster, and Mr. Conners referee. Kit Burns and Larry Healy officiated as seconds for Warburton, Butt Riley and George Carey looking after Bolster. The Sheffield blade was the first to enter the ring (which was of the orthodox pattern and located a short distance from the Housatonic River,) and was received with cheers on heaving in his "tile." The Connecticut representative took his time in getting up, and was a long time coming to the ring side, but when he did and slung his "cady" in, the crowd cheered him too.

There was little or no betting, and after the tossing for choice of corners, which Warburton won, they retired to disrobe of all superfluous toggery and soon appeared in fighting rig, Bill with a white and blue "fogle" tied round his rotundity, Race with a "wipe" of a cream and brown color. All being then in readiness, at exactly thirteen minutes past 10 A. M., the men, after shaking hands and retiring, advanced to the scratch for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. On time being called, the men, looking confident, rose from their seconds' knees and advanced to the scratch, rubbing their hands as they advanced. The contrast in size between the pugilists was very marked, Warburton standing nearly three inches higher than Bolster, and weighing over thirty pounds heavier, the latter appearing very much emaciated, and his body was nearly covered with plasters. Warburton's flesh appeared very soft, and there was a great deal of unnecessary fat on his body and face. Their attitudes were not graceful, as they both stooped too much, and held their heads too far in front for either safety or elegance. They were not long, however, in getting together, Warburton commencing operations by planting a light left-hander on Bolster's nose. The latter returned, but was short, though in a second attempt landed his left on the right jaw of the Englishman. Quick exchanges then followed, Bolster getting in a good shot behind the left ear of Warburton, and the latter putting in two right-handers, one on the forehead and the other on the left ribs; but neither of the blows seemed to have much power. After a few harmless left and right-handers by both parties, which fell on their arms and shoulders, Bolster slipped down, and Warburton walked to his corner.

2. On the appearance of the men at the scratch, Warburton had the marks of Bolster's fist on his neck, behind the left ear, but the latter appeared unscathed. They were promptly at work, Warburton sending his left at the nose, but was short a few inches, and he got a smack on the left side of his head in return. Warburton then sent his right at the head, and landed a pretty good one on the spot intended. Bolster planted his right on the left ribs, and in going down was hit by his adversary below the belt, which was observed by the referee, but allowed to pass. Warburton again walked to his corner.

3. The fighters were quickly at the mark after the call of time, and when they got within striking distance they both let fly, Bolster reaching the breast and stopping Warburton's return, which was aimed at his head. A rally ensued, and Warburton got in one with his left on the forehead of Bolster and another on the temple; but neither had force. Bolster went down after launching out his left and hitting Warburton's arm.

4. Both men were now puffing, showing the want of condition; but they were soon at work, firing away without doing any execution. Warburton struck at Bolster's face, the latter parrying the blow neatly. Bolster then struck out short with his left hand twice, and missed both blows. Warburton then missed with his left, but getting closer planted two right handers on the forehead of Bolster, and then getting to half-arm work, Bolster on the body and Warburton on the head, the former went down. There were a number of blows passed in this round, but none of them made a mark. Kit Burns claimed first blood for Warburton; but none was visible on either party, and the claim was not allowed.

5. They were quickly at the scratch, and got at it at once, Bolster getting his left hand on Warburton's forehead, and the Englishman planting his right high up on Bolster's head, which was receipted for by a right-hander from Bolster on the left ribs, when they had a harmless rally, and Bolster, as usual, went down.

6 and Last. Warburton landed his left on Bolster's neck, and again on the body, and the latter missed two well intended left-handers at Warburton's head. The latter rushed wildly at Bolster, and the latter retreating, received a right-hander on the hip, and falling, got another on the back of the head while on his knees. Foul was immediately claimed by Bolster's second, Butt Riley, and allowed. Bolster was then declared the winner of the fight, which lasted but ten minutes. The friends of Warburton appeared much astonished at the result but the foul was so palpable that there was no way of getting over it, and they had to submit, and their man and the winner came out of the ring without the loss of a drop of blood, and with scarcely an abrasion of the skin. There was not a heavy blow struck during the fight.

A CUSTOMER FOR JIMMY ELLIOTT.

CHALLENGE FROM A CLEVELAND NOVICE TO FIGHT HIM FOR $1,000 A SIDE.

WILL JIMMY TAKE HIM UP?

$200 IN OUR HANDS FROM THE NOVICE.

Every once in a while we are asked what has become of Jimmy Elliott, what he is driving at, and so forth, and oftentimes unable to locate the Athlonian. The boys heard of him at Chicago last, and now we find his highness (Jimmy is a six footer) in the Forrest City, where, from report, he is carrying a high head and talking himself well up. This may be so or may not, but while Elliott did appear to be red hot for a shy at Jim Dunn, he certainly did not for a struggle with the awkward but bone breaking, Bill Davis—this we know, "and knowing dare maintain," as some old sport—a heavy weight—once upon a time observed. If Jimmy has got in the habit of cracking himself up, and is willing to take his stand against all comers, well and good—if not, well and bad. We are inclined leniently towards Master Jem, because he has been talked against rather severely, and for his own sake trust that he will clear himself from the charge of blowing, or seize the opportunity now afforded him of making his title good. The party whose challenge appears below telegraphed to us from Cleveland in time, as he doubtless thought, for our last issue, but although sent on the day we do go to press it failed to get to the right man till too late for insertion—this in justice to the Novice. However, his card, backed up with two hundred dollars as it is, will read much better than a telegraphic dispatch, and be more likely to be accepted. Without further waste of ink and the reader's patience, we will walk out the bold Novice, merely adding that we have no personal knowledge of him, and believe him to be just what he says he is. Run your eye over it:

CLEVELAND, Ohio, Feb. 12th, 1867.

MR. FRANK QUEEN.—*Dear Sir:* I this day forward you the sum of $200 as a forfeit to fight James Elliott, at his own amount, $1,000 a side, two months from signing articles. Mr. Elliott has been here for some weeks, and he seems to be very anxious to get on a match with some person. He says that neither Joe Coburn nor anybody else in the country will fight him. My friends happened to mention my name to him and his friends to the effect that they would back me to fight him, and the same has caused so much talk that I thought I had better accommodate him and thereby stop all blowing, although I shall have to throw up a good situation by doing so. I believe Mr. Elliott wants to fight sooner, but under the present circumstances, and as I am a mere novice, not twenty-two years of age, and never figured in the P. R., I should think he ought to have no objections to a couple of months, when he says himself he has got a sure thing. If he means business, he will accept the above terms. The fight not to take place over one hundred miles from Cleveland. Yours, very respectfully,

CHARLES C. GALLAGHER.

THE "CAST IRON MAN" IN BROOKLYN.

A FULL HOUSE BUT POOR SPARRING.

Probably no practical illustrator of fistic science who ever bade adieu to the chalky cliffs of Hold Hingland, and sought his fortune in the "free land of our own beloved home," has ever gained such wide spread notoriety among sporters in so brief a period as has the brawny-armed and hirsute Charles Collins, better known by

TOM THE BOATMAN'S EXHIBITION FOR THE 23D.—Owing to numerous and various reasons, Bowen was unable to secure either the Everett Rooms, Major's, or any other hall, except Lincoln Hall, but as that is where all the sparring benefits have been of late, it is just as good if not better than either of the others, the boys having got in the habit of going there. At Lincoln Hall, therefore, which is located "betune" the 8th and 9th avenues, in West 33d street, near the corner, handy to all the city railroads, Tom, the Boatman, will hold forth on Saturday evening, Feb. 23d, and from the bill of the play there is promised a peep at all the champions, heavy, middle, light and feather weights. Tom being one of the few genuine Old Sports still in the land of the living, all hands will be on deck that night to help weigh anchor. The fact that Joe Coburn and Jim Dunn have given him their hand on being there and boxing for him will do much towards filling the house. Kit Burns is down for a *tete a tete* with Johnny Roche, and no one will care to miss that. In addition to all these the talent of this city and Brooklyn are to show, as well as the sporting blades from the Big Judge's "deestrict." To cap the climax the celebrated American pugilist, Con Fitzgerald, conqueror of Hugh Kelly, Tom Sayles, Ned Wilson, and others, are engaged and will positively appear and set-to with the Boatman for the wind-up. Bowen will be Master of Ceremonies, assisted by the Father of the Ring, Uncle Bill. All for half a dollar.

MCGLADE IN WASHINGTON.—HIS EXHIBITION STOPPED.—On Thursday evening, the 14th inst, a sparring exhibition was to have come off at the "Assembly Rooms," on Twelfth street, below the Avenue, Washington, D. C., between Johnny McGlade, who was recently defeated by Sam. Collyer, of Baltimore, and Billy White, boxer. Notwithstanding the fact that a permit for the exhibition had been given by the Mayor, Lieut. Tait, with a posse of officers, acting under orders, proceeded to the Assembly Rooms and forbade the exhibition until the necessary license had been procured. The license fee in such cases is $50. A large crowd had assembled to witness the match and left greatly annoyed at the interruption of the police.

LEW BROWN AROUND.—This Brooklyn sport has expressed a willingness, through the Cast Iron Man, either to fight or run Paddy Lyons for from $50 to $100. His money is said to be ready at Pat Kelly's, Union street, Brooklyn.

THE RAFFLE for the benefit of the mother of the late Mileage Cornell takes place at the "Crystal," 134 Bowery, Wednesday, Feb. 27th.

DESPERATE "HOG FIGHT" BETWEEN JIM BREEN AND BILL ARNOLD.—After the feather bed fight between Bolster and Warburton, a couple of roughs named Jim Breen, of Providence, and Billy Arnold, of Conpecticut, quarreled over some stakes, and being of one mind, jumped in the ring and went at it, tooth and nail, feet and hands any way they could catch it, for about a quarter of an hour, both being terribly mutilated, when they left off from sheer exhaustion. Breen is said to have lost a piece of his upper lip and had his eye nearly gouged out, while Arnold's face was badly lacerated and some of his fingers were nearly bitten off. They fought like two bull dogs, until nature compelled them to desist. Officers were looking on, but no arrests were made. This made up for the milk and watery affair between the two would-be fighters. It occurred at Naugutuck, Conn., on the 12th inst.

THE CALIFORNIA CHAMPIONSHIP.—According to the articles of war between Tommy Chandler and Dooney Harris, the second hatful of "goold," $500 a side, was to have been forthcoming on the 28th of January, and the third of a like amount of shiners falls due this day (Feb. 18). Both parties will no doubt be on hand in good season with the "blunt," for it is too good a thing to let go by default. Dooney has his partisans in New York, but as Chandler is only known to a limited number personally, those who go their pile on him will do so guided by the judgment of others or a perusal of his fights. Tommy is said to be able to hit like a horse, with a heart of oak. Dooney is as clever as they make 'em, up to everything, and can take a whaling. Jack Turner leaves New York for San Francisco, on the 19th inst., in the Ocean Queen, to join his old pal, Dooney.

P. S.—Kelly's $100 to hand all right.—[ED. CLIP.]

PARKINSON VS. KELLY.—We have received another $100 on behalf of Billy Parkinson for his match with Tom Kelly, for the 19th of March, which makes his last deposit but one, and shall no doubt have Kelly's $100 by the time appointed, Feb. 19, the day before we go to press. The next and final installment of $200 a side must be made good on Tuesday, March 12, a week before the contest, on which day the men or their representatives have to be at Sportsman's Hall, 3rd Street, Harrisburg, Pa., to toss for choice of ground in that state, and also to agree upon a final stakeholder.

WANTS TO FIGHT DICK MORGAN.—John Miles, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., writing from Hyde Park, Pa., on the 13th inst., says that he will fight Dick Morgan, *alias* Dick Dally, of Pottsville, for from $50 to $2,000 a side, any place within ten miles of Danville.

PURDY TO KIERNAN.—Samuel Solomon Purdy having heard that Patricius Kiernan, of the Southern Section of Brooklyn, has been cackling, far and wide, of his ability to make him (the aforesaid S. S. P.) take water, has called upon us, and wishes the world to know that he is ready and willing to meet the aforesaid P. K. for not less than a thousand cases, at 10st 10lb, any time it may suit Patricius, give or take expenses, whether it shall take place in Westchester County or County Monaghan.

COLLYER AND HIS CHALLENGERS.—Since our last we have heard nothing further from Sam, when we were informed that he was to be at Petersburgh, Va., Feb. 13th and 14th; at Norfolk Opera House, for a benefit on the 15th, and at Fred Aims', Pittsburgh, Pa., Monday, 18th, for one week, after which he was to be in New York. We were also informed that he was down for a set-to with Tommy Kelly at his benefit in Philadelphia on the 19th inst, which rather conflicts with the other statement. It is possible that Collyer may be in New York by Monday or Tuesday next, to arrange for a match either with Barney Aaron or Billy Kelly, the latter of whom has still his $100 at this office. To save unnecessary running about, it will be as well for Sam to telegraph direct to us the day he expects to be in the city, and if it should be before Monday, Feb. 25th, we can let the parties know. At the Cast Iron Man's benefit, in Brooklyn, a challenge was given out from the stage to the effect that Mike Noonan was open to fight either Aaron or Collyer, for from $1,000 upwards, so that it would appear there is a chance for two matches.

BUTT RILEY AND OTHERS UP FOR A BENEFIT IN NEW HAVEN.—The redoubtable Butt, who seconded the winner in the recent Connecticut mill, together with Mike Costello, the young athlete, and Jim Kerrigan, of Ward IV, give an exhibition at Union Hall, New Haven, Conn., on Thursday evening, Feb. 21st. They are to be assisted by Race Bolster, Billy Warburton, Geo. Carey, of New Orleans, and all the local fancy, together with, perhaps, Dan Kerrigan. Butt and Costello give the wind-up. Mike will also go through the Indian club exercise. Let the boys give them a good reception,

OFF FOR CALIFORNIA.—Jack Turner, the versatile, leaves for San Francisco on Wednesday, the 20th, having been sent for by Dooney Harris to assist him in training. Jack has our wishes for a pleasant and speedy voyage to the land he's going to.

A BENEFIT TO BE GIVEN TO MORRIS PHALEN.—One of the most deserving pugilists of the day, and one who hasn't lived, thrived and had benefits on the strength of bouncing challenges, is Morris Phalen, at present a resident of Brooklyn, but who has kept himself so quiet and shady that the sporting world, in their anxiety about the result of the great match between Jack Rooke and Harry Allen, over the water, forget that we have in our very midst a young fellow who fought this same Harry Allen twice—once defeating him after a gallant battle of an hour and twenty-five minutes (Allen getting himself arrested after they had been stopped by the police), and the second time bringing it to a draw, after breaking his right hand early in the fight. This was and is Morris Phalen, and although little better than a dead man when he fought Jim Kerrigan, he will no doubt show his hand again before a great while, when safe over his long sickness. Morris having never had a benefit in this city, efforts are being made to give him one, and as the ball is already started, there is no doubt that it will be brought off at an early day. When and where will be given out as soon as known. In the meantime, Phalen may be heard of at Parker's, 75 Main street, Brooklyn.

BALL PLAY.

New York City Base Ball Emporium.
A large and well selected stock of Base Balls, Bats, Belts, Bases, Caps, Shoes, Spikes, Score Books, etc. Complete outfits of Uniforms made to order at short notice and as low rates as possible. Base Ball Players' Book of Reference, by Chadwick, containing all the rules, regulations, etc., as adopted by the last Convention for the year 1867, also greatly enlarged and illustrated (ready about March 1st). Price 25 cents. Send stamped envelope with address for my new illustrated and descriptive catalogue.
46-2t8 ANDREW PECK, 109 Nassau street, New York.

THE COMING SEASON OF 1867.

A BRILLIANT CAMPAIGN ANTICIPATED.

The ball playing season of 1867 already begins to give promise of being the most brilliant in the annals of the game. Hitherto the feature of each season's play has been the leading contests between prominent clubs of the principal Northern cities. In 1867 however, so great has been the growth of the game in popularity, base ball matches are going to be features of the sporting events of the season both in the South and West. In the Western States clubs sprang up in every part of that country by the dozen, and in the South, too, even so soon after such a disastrous war, the game took root in localities hitherto unknown or uncared for. Great preparations are in progress for laying out attractive programmes for the season's games in Chicago and Richmond. The Excelsior Club—the champion organization of Chicago—is taking the lead in getting up a grand base ball tournament, and the clubs of Richmond contemplate a splendid entertainment of the same kind in June next. In Louisville, Ky., Cincinnati, Ohio, and San Francisco even, a grand series of base ball tournaments are talked of, in which not only the city clubs, but State organizations are to take part.

State Base Ball Associations are being organized in every State, and the National Association will, by 1868, be composed, no doubt, entirely of delegates from State associations, and then—and then comes all it be, in reality, a National Congress of the fraternity. It is about time that a New York State Association was organized, and we thought ere this that measures would have been taken by some of the veterans of our leading New York clubs having such an object in view. A meeting of our city clubs could easily form the nucleus of such an association by adopting, in the main, the constitution and by-laws, with the rules in full, of the National Association itself. Half a dozen clubs, meeting together by their representatives, could appoint a committee to draft a consitution and by-laws, this committee to report at a future and larger meeting, at which officers could be elected to serve until November, when a convention of State clubs might be held to ratify the action of the first meeting, and place the association on a permanent footing, appointing, at the same time, delegates to represent such of the State clubs belonging to the association in the convention of the National Association to be held in Philadelphia next December. Other States are already doing this. Why should not we be as promptly in the field?

The amended rules of the game will not materially change the play this season, nothing having been done beyond relieving the umpire of much of the responsibility attaching to his position last year. No point of play in the game has been altered. The pitcher's latitude in delivery has been lessened, and conflicting rules have been amended so as no longer to clash with each other. A feature of the pitching next season will be an improvement to the extent of making "headwork" in pitching a more important element of success than it has hitherto been. Strategy in base ball contests has come to be recognized as the principal feature in winning the trophy. The captain of a nine has become more the general manager of a match than he has hitherto been considered; and, by-the-way, if clubs were more aware of the advantages of placing the management of a club nine entirely in the hands of a captain for the season, we should have less of the bungling management of match making and playing which has for years past marked the season's play of many of our clubs who have placed the management of the club nine in the hands of a board of directors. As a supervisory board, to watch that the captain of a nine did not oppress or act too partially in his position, perhaps a committee of the kind might do well enough; but even then their privilege of interference should be confined to stated limits. The best plan is to select a player well fitted to act as captain of a nine, first by his *self-control*, secondly by his sound judgment in directing the movements of a field, and *lastly*, by his capacity to occupy a leading position in the nine as a player. Clubs make a great mistake when they select a captain simply because he is the crack player of the club. He may be a splendid fielder, a tip-top batsman and excel as a pitcher or catcher, and yet from lack of judgment and self-control be totally unfitted to command a nine.

As the game grows in years, the lessons of experience teach clubs and players new points of play and of the management of a nine, and each season's playing only brings the game nearer perfection. Contrast base ball as now played by a crack fielding nine, well up in all strategical points, with the simple and old-fashioned bound game of 1857. Ten years of time has done wonders for base ball, and less than that number of years will do still more for it in the way of improvement. The field is yet large for advancement. Model players will start up whose skill will far outshine the efforts of the best men of our day, as Creighton excelled the old time players of 1856.

The season of 1867 will give us quite a base ball literature. Already we have a volume of some five hundred pages of matter devoted to American pastimes, in which base ball is prominent. Then we have the annuals for each season, each devoted to a special department; Beadle's book attending to the averages and statistics of the play of the leading clubs each year, while Haney's Book of Reference covers the whole of the ground in the way of instructions and explanatory notes of every department of base ball. The Convention Book, too, attends to another subject; viz., the reports of committees and minutes of the Base Ball Convention each year.

In regrd to the prospects of our local clubs the promise was never better for a lively gathering of the clans, and a series of interesting contests as soon as the spring weather again introduces us to field sports. Down South, in Dixie's land, the game is even now in progress, matches having been played in New Orleans, Mobile, Savannah and Charleston already.

AMATEURS OPEN A NEW GAME.—The Amateur Base Ball Club, of Boston, announce their first ball for the evening of Wednesday, Feb. 27th Gray's Hall, South Boston, having been engaged for the occasion. We acknowledge the invitation of the Amateurs to be present at their opening ball.

AQUATICS.

Race Boats and Spoon Oars, Shells, Sailing, Club and Fishing Boats of all descriptions, made to order and on hand. Also, Metallic Life Boats on hand and made to order, at the old Boat Shop foot of One Hundred and Fourteenth street and Harlem River, and No. 368 South street. 50 Boats on hand.
46-tf STEPHEN ROBERTS.

Nautilus Branch, No. 14 Ann street (formerly No. 1 Barclay st.), two doors from the New Herald Building.
34-3m THOMAS C. BURNS, Proprietor.

Book of American Pastimes,
Containing a History of the principal Yachting, Rowing, Base Ball and Cricket Clubs of the United States, by CHARLES A. PEVERELLY, Reporter of Out Door Sports for New York Journals for many years. For sale at the office of the New York Leader, No. 11 Frankfort street. 12 MO., ILLUSTRATED, 558 PAGES, PRICE $2.50. Sent by mail on receipt of price. 46-1t*

THE AQUATIC CHAMPIONSHIP.

THE MATCH MADE
BETWEEN
WALTER BROWN, OF MAINE, AND JAMES HAMILL, OF PA.,
TO ROW AT PITTSBURGH, PA., MAY 21,
FOR $1,000 A SIDE, B. GETTING $300 EXPENSES.

The aquatic world, like ourselves, will be right glad to know that a match has been made in due form between the above mentioned famous oarsmen. By this we don't mean to insinuate that previous thereto there existed the shadow of a doubt in our minds that it would not be consummated, but we are glad at the prospect of such a brilliant opening of the aquatic season, and the reality that Walter Brown and James Hamill are to measure blades with each other, in a manly struggle for securing the proud title of Champion Oarsman of America, and the sum of $2,000. For us to go into a eulogium of the two greatest oarsmen of the day, as Brown and Hamill have unmistakably proved themselves, would be but to recapitulate an oft told story, and now we have nothing to do, or that will give more satisfaction, but come right to the making of the match without going into detail relative to the *belles lettres* which have passed between them—that will come in discussion after the great race is over, to complete the record.

Know ye then that, on the second month and the fifteenth day thereof, Walter Brown, for himself, and John Hamill, for his brother, James, came on to New York from their respective homes—the former a distance of 347 miles, and the latter 443 miles, to settle one or two little points and sign. Brown was expected, but Hamill was not, and their both meeting at our office at one and the same time, the day before the appointed time, was not a little singular. Their meeting was a cordial one, and as neither were particularly anxious to leave town that evening, Walter and John named Saturday, at 2 P.M., for drawing up the necessary documents. On that day, and at that hour, Brown, in company with B. F. Brady, President of the Hudson River Rowing Association, and Hamill, having that thoroughbred specimen of a New York boy, Denny Leary, as companion, were at the CLIPPER office, and arranged everything satisfactorily in a pleasant and sociable manner.

John, on behalf of his brother, James, was extremely anxious to make both races, for which Hamill had sent on $250 for each, a three and a five mile race, to be rowed at Philadelphia, but Brown said he was only prepared to make one race then, and while willing to pull the five miles at Pittsburgh, he was just as agreeable to row three miles at Portland, give or take expenses. This was the deciding point—one or the other had to be accepted, so both simultaneously selected the five miles, owing to that being the distance usually rowed for the Championship of American waters.

In canvassing the matter as to day and date, place of rowing, etc., Brown thought that it was his privilege to name the course, but on being assured that the one selected was perhaps equal to any in the country, he waived his claim and acquiesced—the other objections were readily compromised, and the following copy from the original protocol will tell everything about it, and be looked over with considerable interest:—

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT entered into on Saturday, the sixteenth day of February, 1867, between Walter Brown, of Portland, Me., and James Hamill, of Pittsburgh, Pa., to row a five mile sculling race over the Pittsburgh course at Pittsburgh, for $1,000 (one thousand dollars) a side, on Tuesday, the 21st day of May, 1867, Walter Brown to receive $300 (three hundred dollars) for expenses in agreeing to go to Pittsburgh to row the race. The said race to take place between the hours of two and three o'clock P. M. on said day, if the weather is favorable and the river smooth. Should the river not be smooth, the judges to have the power to postpone said race to the first day that a smooth course can be had. Said race shall start from the Monongahela Bridge and proceed down the river two and one half miles to a stakeboat, turning from left to right and return to place of starting. The sum of $250 (two hundred and fifty dollars) aside as a forfeit is herewith placed in the hands of Frank Queen, Editor of New York CLIPPER, who shall be final stakeholder. The balance of the money shall be placed in the hands of the stakeholder on or before the 1st of May. Either party failing, to forfeit the amount down. The judges to be appointed one day before the race.

In pursuance of this agreement we hereunto attach our names:
Witness—DENNIS LEARY. WALTER BROWN.
ED. JAMES. JAMES HAMILL.
BENJAMIN F. BRADY.

To the above only one explanation is necessary, and that is the course selected is where the annual regatta takes place at Pittsburgh, and is right in the heart of the city, whereas the place where Hamill and Ward rowed, when the latter had the choice of course, was away out of town, and required a conveyance to get to see it.

Brown took his departure up the Hudson the same afternoon, to call on his relations, for although he is backed from down East, Walter was born and raised in New York State, but Hamill stayed over Sunday, leaving on the 6 P. M. train that evening, for Philadelphia, after having enjoyed a very pleasant time in this city, his only regret being that New York City didn't know how to make, and consequently how to appreciate Gumbo Gum.

GETTING A NEW BOAT.—We understand that Charley Elliot has received an order to build a new shell boat for Walter Brown, to be used in his great match with Jimmy Hamill, for the Championship. He is evidently going to lose no time.

THE HUDSON RIVER ROWING ASSOCIATION.—This organization, numbering over four hundred members, although only formed last November, has elected the following officers for the current year:—President, Benj. F. Brady, of the Waverly Club, N. Y.; 1st Vice, Hamilton Wallis, Hudson, of Jersey City; 2d do, D. W. Merchant, Mutual, of Albany, Rec. Sec., J. McNulty, Alcyon, N. Y.; Cor. Sec., C. Tate, Columbia, N. Y.; Treas. Chas. B. Tuthill, Atlantic, Hoboken, N. J,

BOSTON YACHT CLUB.—This Massachusetts club held their regular meeting on the evening of the 14th inst., in their new rooms on Tremont street, Commodore Follet presiding. Over a dozen new members were admitted, and a timely subscription was raised to assist Uncle Joe Snow, who has, in years past often assisted many members of the club. Mr. Snow has been a great sufferer from sickness during the winter.

SKITTLES.

Skittles. Skittles. Skittles.
The lovers of this fine old game will no doubt be pleased to learn that there is a fine spacious ground, well lighted and ventilated, at King's Brewery Shades, 157 W. 41st street, between 8th and 9th avenues, N. Y. Also, English Bagatelle Tables, European papers, long pipes, etc. This is the place where you can enjoy yourself rationally and economically. Come once and you are bound to come again. [46-1t) T. KING, 157 West 41st street.

Harry Parker's Eclipse Shades.
NO. 73 MAIN STREET, BROOKLYN.
THE BEST BAGATELLE TABLES.
Home Comforts, Polite Attention, Good Cheer as also Beer, Spirits and Cigars, and Sociability the order of the Day and Night. 1t*

THE CLEAVER AND PARKER BAGATELLE MATCH.—These crack bagatelle players, belonging respectively to New York and Brooklyn, met at the CLIPPER office, as appointed, on the 14th inst., and agreed to play the first game of a home and home match, 501 points, French game, at the Half Way House, 320 Eighth Avenue, on Wednesday, Feb. 27, at 2 P. M., Cleaver winning the choice. $10 a side were posted with Harry Wasdell, the final stakeholder, to be increased into $50 a side on the day of the match. The second game, on similar conditions, eventuates at the Eclipse Shades, 75 Main street, Brooklyn, Wednesday, March 6. Parker's carom challenge has not yet been accepted.

THE OLD HOUSE AT HOME.—The famous parlor skittle ground and bagatelle rooms connected with the Brewery Shades, 151 West 41st street, are patronized to the fullest extent by the friends of the proprietor and his good lady, and if we have a right to know, there's shortly to be a novel game introduced at this cosy retreat, of which we shall be better able to speak by next week. In the meantime, those fond of the old English games and the best creature comforts, would do well to give the King and his consort a call.

GRAND BAGATELLE MATCH AT CLINTON, IOWA.—Wm. Van Volkenburg and Noble Perrin, both of Clinton, played a match game for $50 a side, at the Delmonico Saloon, No. 16 5th avenue, kept by Van Volkenburg & Bailey. The above named parties are looked up to as the two champions by their respective partizans, and the match caused much excitement. The game played was the French one, 501 points, and after an exciting and closely contested game of one hour and a half's duration, Wm. Van Volkenburg was declared the winner by twenty points. Considerable "paper" changed hands, and both were loudly applauded by the spectators for the scientific and splendid manner in which they conducted their game. This being the first bagatelle match in that youthful but flourishing city, it was talked off and looked upon as a big thing.

BAGATELLE MATCH IN BROOKLYN.—Bill Cleaver's Black Diamond and Harry Parker's Novice have been matched for $50 a side, to play a game at bagatelle, the French one, 501 points, at the Eclipse Shades, 73 Main street, Brooklyn, on Tuesday evening, Feb. 17th, the game to commence at 8 P. M.

BILLIARDS.

CHALLENGES FROM MR. P. CARME TO MR. J. MCDEVITT.

I will give Mr. John McDevitt two hundred and fifty points in a four ball carom game, push shot barred, on a second size carom table, fifteen hundred points up, the game to be played for the sum of five hundred dollars ($500) a side. I furthermore propose to play Mr. John McDevitt a French three ball carom game on a second size carom table, four hundred points up, according to French rules; and an American four ball carom game, push shot included, on a four pocket full size table, fifteen hundred points up. The conditions of the match to be: If Mr. McDevitt wins both games, the French three ball game and American four ball push shot game, he wins the stake. If I win both games, the American four ball push shot game and the French three ball game, I win. The games to be played over and over again until either of the players win both games as stipulated above. The stakes to be one thousand dollars a side. This challenge open for one month. Details to be arranged after acceptance.
PIERRE CARME, 932 Broadway.

CHALLENGE FROM MR. P. CARME TO MR. JOSEPH DION.

I challenge Mr. Dion to play me three games of billiards for five hundred dollars a side each game. The first game to be a French three ball carom game, four hundred points up; the second, a four ball game, push shot barred, on a carom table, fifteen hundred points up; the third, an American four ball game, push shot included, on a four pocket table, fifteen hundred points up. These games to be played on the same sized table and with the same sized balls I used in my matches with Mr. Dudley Kavanagh. This challenge open for one month. Details to be arranged after acceptance. PIERRE CARME, 932 Broadway.

BILLIARD TOURNAMENT IN PHILADELPHIA.

The games in this event will be continued until Thursday, 21st inst, when the affair will terminate. The progress of the play during the past week will be found in the annexed summary:—

MONDAY, FEB. 11.—Nineteenth Game—Played at Schrack & Bruce's room, between Messrs. Palmer and Ryall. Score—Ryall, 500; Palmer, 335. Ryall's average, 10 30-47; Palmer's, 7 6 47. Highest runs—Ryall, 77, 46, 36; Palmer, 31, 28, 28.

TUESDAY, 12.—Twentieth Game—Played at Nelms & Co's room, between Messrs. Nelms and Hewes. Score—Nelms, 500; Hewes, 120; Nelms' average, 31⅓; Hewes', 7½. Highest runs—Nelms, 129, 100, 98, 92; Hewes, 26, 30.

WEDNESDAY, 13.—Twenty-first Game—Played at Palmer's rooms, Eighth and Vine streets, between Messrs. Ryall and Hoyt. Score:—Ryall, 501; Hoyt, 213; Ryall's average, 15 2-11; Hoyt's, 6 5-11. Highest runs—Ryall, 87, 69, 65, 39; Hoyt, 36, 27, 21, 21.

THURSDAY, 14.—Twenty-second Game—Played at the Continental rooms, between Messrs. Nelms and Palmer. Score:—Nelms, 502; Palmer, 207; Nelms' average, 25 12-14; Palmer's, 14 11-14. Highest runs—Nelms, 41, 48, 101, 245; Palmer, 22, 23, 54, 58.

FRIDAY, 15.—Twenty-third Game—Played at Hewes' room, between Messrs. Bruce and Rockhill. Score—Rockhill, 502; Bruce, 484; Rockhill's average, 7 47-65; Bruce's, 7 29-65. Highest runs—Rockhill, 54, 31, 27, 26, 25. Bruce, 28, 25, 25, 25, 25.

SATURDAY, 16.—Twenty-fourth Game—Played at Estephe's room, between Messrs. Estephe and Hewes. Score—Estephe, 501; Hewes, 156. Estephe's average, 31 5-16; Hewes', 9 12-16. Highest runs—Estephe, 148, 88, 61, 43, 37. Hewes, 35, 41.

RESUME OF GAMES.

	Won.	Lost.		Won.	Lost.
Estephe	5	0	Palmer	3	3
Nelms	5	0	Hewes	2	3
Ryall	4	2	Bruce	1	5
Rockhill	4	3	Hoyt	0	6

The tournament will be continued as follows:
Monday, 18th, twenty-fifth game, between Messrs. Estephe and Palmer, at Dow's room.
Tuesday, twenty-sixth game, between Messrs. Nelms and Bruce, at Bruce & Schrack's.
Wednesday, twenty-seventh game, between Messrs. Ryall and Bruce, at Nelms' room.
Thursday, twenty-eighth game, between Messrs. Estephe and Nelms, at Palmer's rooms. This game will terminate the Tournament.

TOBIN VS. DANIELS.—On Thursday night, Feb. 21st, at Bumstead Hall, Boston, William A. Tobin and Edward Daniels play a game for the Massachusetts championship and a money stake.

LIKELY TO RECOVER.—It is with the greatest pleasure that we are enabled to state that the Hon. Geo. Cregier, Member of Assembly, who recently lost his leg by being run over on the Hudson River Railroad while on a visit to Albany, is rapidly recovering, and likely to get over his distressing accident. Mr. Cregier is an immensely popular young man, and his friends will be as pleased as ourselves to record the fact.

Horsemen.—If you have a Cribbing Horse, and want him cured, address
WM. Z. EDWARDS,
46-2t* Boston Post Office.

AMUSEMENTS.

TONY PASTOR'S OPERA HOUSE.

TONY PASTOR.....Lessee and Manager

GRAND COMPLIMENTARY BENEFIT
To
MRS. JAMES CONNOR,
(Widow of the late James Connor,)
DRAMATIC AGENT,
MONDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 25TH, 1867.
Doors open at 1 o'clock.
Overture commences at 1½.
Curtain rises precisely at 2 o'clock.
IN ADDITION TO THE ENTIRE COMPANY
Connected with this establishment,
MANY VOLUNTEERS WILL APPEAR.
THE ORCHESTRA WILL BE DOUBLED ON THIS OCCASION.

THE PROGRAMME:

Overture.....By the Orchestra
Dance, Yankee Medley.....M'LLE JOSEPHINE
THE ORATOR IN DISTRESS,
Demosthenes.....JOHNNY WILD
Cicero.....BILLY SHEPPARD
Favorite Ballet.....JENNIE ENGEL
Pas de Fascination.....M'LLE BERTHA
Song and Dance.....DICK RALPH
Banjo Obligato and Song.....JAMES GAYNOR
Acrobatic Feats.....W. A. DONOVAN & C. E. MADIGAN
THE FRENCH DANCING MASTER.
The Dancing Master.....M. A. HERNANDEZ
The Pupil.....LIZZIE WHELPLEY
Champion Jig.....HANK MASON
Accompanied on the Banjo by LEW BRIMMER.
GRAND BALLET DIVERTISSEMENT,
Arranged by MONS. SZOLLOSY,
Introducing the full CORPS DE BALLET.
Comic Songs.....TONY PASTOR
GRAND GLOVE FIGHT.
The Benicia Boy.....NELSE SEYMOUR
Patsey Marley.....JOHNNY ALLEN
Horizontal Bar.....THE NORTON BROTHERS
Song and Dance, George the Charmer.....ARCHEY HUGHES
Characteristic Song, Gay Old Fellow.....DAN W. COLLINS
Overture.....Orchestra
To conclude with the popular farce, written by W. J. Thompson, entitled
THE RIVAL DUTCHMAN.
Jacob Wombshul.....GEO. THOMPSON
Diedrich.....W. J. THOMPSON
And all the Company.

KELLY & LEON'S MINSTRELS,
720 BROADWAY.

Unrivaled on this continent. Change in their new burlesque Producing novelties in Ethiopian opera; and in the Fairy rapid succession that New Scenes in Cinder-Leon always delight the large Dresses are received with and elegant audiences Ecstatic screams of laughter. who have made this Monday Seymourgali in the pretty hall their Last Demon Dance 9:30, nightly resort. The Entire with Allenalini, ONLY LEON, Original Pricini, and Fairy the greatest of Negro MADAGASCAR Negro sprites, in Cinall the burlesque Italian der-Leon. Grand prima-donnas and Negro Apotheosis and dansenses, is always Encore terminating agony rapturously greeted The last at ten, combined and profusely encored. Harlequin with a programme Who, with EDWIN Booth full of the most re-KELLY, in Trovatore and Richard freshing and exciting Two Prima Donnas, evoke Thousand novelties, by the best min-screams of laughter nightly Minstrel company in the city.

PARTNER WANTED.
Having the lease of
MUSIC HALL, LONDON, C. W.,
For five years, I would make any suitable arrangements with a responsible Manager to open a company for permanent occupation. A splendid chance. Hall is new. Scenery complete, and all modern improvements. Address, post paid,
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WANTED.—A Thorough, Reliable Agent, in every town in the United States, to sell a work indispensable to every business man and woman. The work, now in press, will be ready Feb. 25th, and we wish to establish our agencies as rapidly as possible.
This work will furnish PERMANENT and very remunerative employment to all who choose to engage in its sale.
Also wanted, a responsible General Agent at all prominent points.
Also wanted, a few first class wide awake, reliable men to travel in establishing agencies.
For full particulars address (enclosing stamp)
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CONNOR & CO.'S
DRAMATIC, MUSICAL, EQUESTRIAN, PURCHASING AND COSTUME AGENCY REMOVED TO
534 BROADWAY.

Artists wanted at all times.
No connection with any other Agency.
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M'LLE DEVERE. M'LLE DEVERE.
This justly celebrated
DANSEUSE AND PANTOMIMIST,
Now playing at the old Pittsburgh Theatre, under the management of T. W. Myers, will close there on or about March 12th, and can be engaged for three or more weeks through her agents,
JAMES CONNOR & CO.,
Dramatic Agents,
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MR. AND MRS. F. M. BATES.
These dashing and sterling young artists, just arrived from the South, where they have completed several long and successful engagements, can be secured for star engagements for six or twelve nights, or for leading stock for first class city theatres, through their agents,
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C. HARRY FRANCK,
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Address him in care of
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46-1tc 534 Broadway, New York.

HETTIE DE LEE,
The beautiful and accomplished COMEDIENNE, can be engaged by Managers of first class Theatres for short Starring engagements. Her repertoire is the most extensive of any Comedienne in this country. Those wishing to negotiate will address
W. G. PETERSON, Business Manager, care of
JAMES CONNOR & CO.,
46-1tc Dramatic Agents, 534 Broadway.

PETER CLARK, Late of the CARTER ZOUAVE TROUPE, Double Bass and Tuba, or 2d Violin, can be engaged by addressing the Clipper Office, or
46-1t* 290 East 11th street, New York.

BILLY KENNEDY,
CLOWN AND COMIC SINGER,
can be engaged for the approaching Tenting Season. Has his own Wood Cut. Address him, care
46-2t* Carleton House, 14th st. and 4th avenue.

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THE CELEBRATED SCOTTISH NIGHTINGALE,
FROM THE PRINCIPAL EUROPEAN THEATRES,
ACKNOWLEDGED TO BE THE
BEST VOCALIST
IN THE PROFESSION,
can be engaged, for two or more weeks, from March 11th, 1867. All letters should be addressed to Washington, D. C. 46-1t*

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ADVERTISING AGENT, &c.
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BY WILLIAM DAVIDGE, COMEDIAN.
The mechanism of the Stage clearly described in fifteen Illustrations. Cloth, 12mo., price $1 50. AMERICAN NEWS Co., Nassau St., N. Y., or enclose $1 75 to the Author, 118 Pacific St., Brooklyn, N. Y., for autograph copy.
46-1*

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Comedian, Vocalist and Versatile Actor, and
NELLIE SANFORD,
Juvenile and Walking Ladies, with excellent wardrobe, can be engaged for short or long seasons by responsible managers, by addressing
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Mother Goose in a Shadow Pantomime, Dialogue Figures, and everything complete to form a Miniature Theatre for Parlor Amusements. Sent, post paid, on receipt of 25c. THOMAS YATES, 118 Allen st., New York. Agents wanted everywhere. 1*

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One Tune guaranteed at the First Lesson.
46-1t* TERMS, $5 A QUARTER.

ALL NEW AND POPULAR MANUSCRIPTS OF the day bought and for sale. Address, with stamp,
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536 Broadway, corner of Spring street.
WANTED—A LADY VOCALIST, capable of playing parts in Farces.
Apply immediately, as above. 46-2t*

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For a party with a small capital to obtain a half interest in a first class entertainment just starting on a tour, with all the apparatus, etc., necessary. Expenses very small. Call on
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Good security given. 46-1t*

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DON JUAN IN AMERICA.

Written Expressly for the N. Y. Clipper.

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CANTO III.

XLIV.

Next day a little skirmishing was done
The enemy was felt of—he felt fine,
The fame some Massachusetts soldiers won
Of firing first upon the rebel line.
The General ordered this because on Sun-
Day (this was Saturday) service divine
Would occupy these heroes puritanic—
To fight them then would but create a panic.

XLV.

And Sunday came. It opened not inviting—
A heavy mist hung tremulous in the sky,
But every indication was of fighting,
And those who thought they were about to die
To that effect to friends at home were writing;
And one romantic youth was heard to sigh
When thinking how his dear Maria Jane
Would weep if he was counted with the slain.

XLVI.

A number had arrived from Washington,
Including several Congressmen, who brought
Their diaries along to note the fun
And learn from this how battles should be fought.
None doubted that a victory would be won,
And so these visitors choice places sought.
One climbed a tree, and there he took his station,
Like Zaccheas, of scripture reputation.

XLVII.

At ten A. M. the sun came brightly out,
And those who knew that in an earlier day
When Bony, put the allied force to rout
The sunshine decked his brow before the fray,
Sent up a glad and a victorious shout
That echoed o'er the hills and far away;
Their shout was that French war cry, "Austerlitz!"
Meantime unlearned men said "We'll give 'em fits!"

XLVIII.

Don Juan was in some degree excited,
And tho' a quartermaster he concluded
When first the hosts of rebeldom he sighted
That he would fight, altho' some thoughts obtruded
Themselves on him concerning her, his plighted,
Betrothed—fair Belle—who loved him as but few did,
If he was killed 'twould spoil a scheme half planned—
To marry her and settle in our land.

XLIX.

'Twas half-past ten just when the fight began—
That fearful and unscientific wrangle
That cost us such a flow of blood. The man
Who planned it I should really like to strangle.
Against the rebel line (shaped like a fan,
Or more like an isosceles triangle)
Rushed five battalions by a German duke led,
Who thought he could redemonstrate great Euclid.

L.

But 'twas a failure. Many dying fell—
Amongst them one poor little drummer boy,
A favorite—liked by all his comrades well—
A widowed mother's only hope and joy;
He was so young, yet in that bloody dell
He, with his drum clasped like a cherished toy,
Lay cold and stiff in Death's unkind embrace,
An anguished look upon his childish face.

LI.

'Twas in the very bowels of the action,
When things were working as premonitory
Symptoms that there had been some slight infraction
Of Victory's laws upon our side, that glory
Was going over to the Southern faction,
'Twas then a Member, while the fight grew gory,
In a cool private place secure from slaughter
Proposed to uncork a little Congress Water.

LII.

That was the name he gave it, as they all do,
Tho' common sinners call the stuff champagne;
He was a follower of the sage Ralph Waldo,
Who loves to take his bitters far from plain;
And when he gains the skies, as he thinks he shall do,
An unresolved dim nebula will remain;
While, just as transcendental as before,
Perched on the gates of Heaven he still would soar.

LIII.

Champagne with ice—they had a fair supply,
This Northern member and his fellow clinker—
Is a right royal beverage in July,
Anywhere—one that suits each dashing drinker;
But taking it on fields where brave men die
The Heidsick has a zest which that grand thinker
Lucretius would have found unto his "*mare*
"*Magnum turbantium*," a very Rarey.

LIV.

The pleasure of a storm upon the ocean,
And tossing ships, when one's a safe spectator
Grows tame to their exotic wild emotion.
Who, lifted by a lordlier elevator
Than any rocky cliff—a generous potion,
(The same was served to 'em by a nigger waiter,)
Behold a battle thro' their champagne glasses
As did this pair of Honorable asses.

LV.

(The word must be for rhyme's sake and for truth's,
As you will see soon.) Ardently they gazed
With all the interest of two Bowery youths
At a prize fight, their first. They were amazed,
Afraid, in spite of certainty, till soothes
Each anxious soul the tipple as he raised
His eighth glass, nor thence did their courage fail
Save when the popping cork made them turn pale.

LVI.

After the noise had somewhat died away,
And there was less of smoke from burnt gunpowder,
Somehow the dust so rose to hide the fray,
They could see nothing—then their joy grew louder.
"By this time surely we have won the day;
I feel," said one, "much safer and much prouder;
No doubt Jeff's captured; I'll write so to Greeley."
Just then two Rebs came up and captured Ely!

LVII.

Again began the cannon's roar, and pills
From muskets flew like hail, thro' dust and smoke.
"Mortality! thou hast thy monthly bills!"
And earth! how oft in human gore you soak!
Yet some by running may escape the ills
That come of fighting; thus one "heart of oak"—
A Britisher—skedaddled from the tussle
To write a letter signed: "Yours, Doctor Russell."

LVIII.

There was none to give command. Confusion dire
Reigned on both sides, and still were heard the groans
Of dying men half smothered in the mire
Of blood, and these cried out in piteous tones,
While the red sun above seemed all afire,
And while none listened to their feeble moans:
"Oh! water! give us one canteen of water!"
As well have asked in Hell—Bull Run was hotter.

LIX.

Where was my hero? Foremost in the fight,
His black hair streaming, fearlessly he rode,
Still rallying men and cheering in his might,
While his dark cheek with proud excitement glow'd.
He was the very last who thought of flight;
And when the cannister our thinn'd ranks mow'd
He with a few escaped unscathed, and cut
His way thro' half a score of rebels, but—

LX.

A bomb burst over Juan's head,—he falls;
What youthful officer bends above him lying
Senseless and stark?—whose voice of anguish calls
On him to rouse, to speak? "He's dead or dying—
O Juan! Juan!" such a cry appals
Approaching Death; my hero wakens, sighing
With pain of new-born life, a thud, a sob, no more,
On Juan's breast BELLE's bosom gushing gore!

LXI.

This is my tragedy. Unknown, disguised,
Dressed as a soldier she had followed on
To watch his fate whose life and heart she prized
More than her own; and when she saw the Don
Was down, she, who all thought of fear despised,
Rushed to the spot, was struck and fell upon
Her lover's breast; then in his arms she lay
And slowly breathed her gentle life away.

LXII.

A panic! Ah, a panic! we retreat!
What means it? Can't we rally there again?
No! no! Our first great battle brought defeat,
And on the field we left our soldiers slain.
Don Juan crept away with tottering feet,
Sick, sad, with heart and body both in pain;
But ere Night flung upon the scene her pall
Some good folks took him to the Hospital.

LXIII.

So closed Bull Run. The hospital was filled
With pallid sufferers ghastly in their wounds,
And some seemed sorry that they'd not been killed.
While from all sides rose moans and fearful sounds;
But there were nurses very kind and skilled,
And ten good Yankee women went the rounds
And carried comfort, beef and whiskey punch
To such as had an appetite for lunch.

LXIV.

One tender nurse, the prettiest of the ten,
Would wait on Juan, tho' no help he needed—
And quite neglected all the other men;
His slightest sigh more than their groans she heeded.
One question she put often and again—
"Where were you wounded, dear?" and when she pleaded,
Tho' he had answered "At Manassas"—"Where?"
He touched his thigh—she saw a swelling there.

LXV.

Time healed at last Don Juan's heart and thigh,
And after being mustered out he came,
Back to our goodly town, New York, where I
Will leave him in his much augmented fame.
When last I saw him he was looking "high"
And gay as ever, though a little lame
And thin; however, he will doubtless fatten
By sumptuous dinners on the Isle Manhattan.

END OF CANTO III.

OUR SYLPH;

OR,

The Drowned Beauty.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY JACQUES FORREST ARDEN.

We had a very pretty creature among us, and her name was Rose Norton. She played the juveniles, and had once been the fairy of the establishment. That was when she was a child, and her little figure and almost infantile face fitted her well for the line of business. The name we have given her was that by which she was known in the play bills and out of doors generally. Inside the theatre we called her Sylph, just because she was a dainty piece of flesh and blood, and might have been taken for an ariel being.

Her father and mother had been professionals, but the former lost his wife, and marrying again soon, caused the Sylph to be dependent, in a great measure, for her home happiness on a mother-in-law. This second adventure of the actor in the matrimonial lottery did not result to either his or his daughter's advantage. The woman whom he took to his home was the same as his late wife had been—an actress, but she was not of domestic habits or good temper, as both the Sylph and her sire soon discovered, though she had hypocritically pretended to be both, and pledged her word to be a second mother to Rose.

This second married term of Mr. Norton lasted only a few years, during which his daughter played many parts. At his death, however, she was verging on womanhood, and was the juvenile walking lady of the establishment. In less than a year afterwards the relict of Mr. Norton married again, and, consequently, Rose quitted her roof. Notwithstanding, an intimacy was continued between the two females, and it might have been said that the elder retained some influence over the younger on account of their late mutual relations.

It is rather early to mention, at this portion of our narrative, that in the place the Sylph was then acting in there was another young woman of an age similar to hers, and so like her as often to be taken for her. Her name was Mary Deering. She was a wild sort of creature, had plenty of lovers, with whom she flirted, laughed and talked, without showing the least preference for one of them. We shall have to speak more of this young lady anon.

There was another person whom it is our task to present to the reader—a young fellow known as Ted Lancaster, son of a small tavern keeper, who let out a few horses for gentlemen and several donkeys for ladies, the latter particularly for summer riding. The town which is the scene of this narrative, although a big one, was what was called a country one, with an abundant rural vicinity of farm land, as well as sparkling water; and donkey riding was as characteristic of its warm term as sleighing and skating were of its cold. In regard to this donkey riding, we may observe that it was customary for an attendant to go forth with a lady, and that Ted Lancaster was among the number—the best looking of the lot, it was supposed, and the best behaved.

By virtue of his office, he was not only a "dead head" in the front of the theatre, but a privileged person behind the scenes. It was in his power to do the professionals little services—for example, if the manager wanted a donkey for any of his pieces, or the low comedian, having a comic song to sing, was similarly placed, lo! the animal in question was furnished readily and gratuitously. Then, if any of the ladies were desirous of a ride, they could have it on the same liberal terms. Besides, Teddy often did the friendly thing with bouquets of flowers, as well as with pairs of skates. He had often been out with the Sylph as her esquire, and had never behaved himself otherwise than in the most chivalrous manner. It might have been inferred, indeed, that he was in love with the young lady. The actress who performed the old woman said he was—her authority for the assertion having been derived from the fact of her once seeing Teddy kiss the white muslin veil the Sylph had resigned to his charge while she slipped on the stage.

Another character starts up and claims brief mention—an elderly gentleman of the neighborhood, rich, widowed, and exceedingly fond of theatrical entertainments. His name was Nimrod Sharpe, and he always occupied one of the stage boxes when he visited the theatre. It is not at all surprising that he should have cast the eyes of affection on the Sylph. He did so, and made a confidant of the Sylph's mother-in-law.

It was not exactly marriage he contemplated, but something very like it—the living with him of Rose, whom he guaranteed to treat with all possible consideration and kindness, to be constant to, and to leave her a large sum of money should he be the first to die.

The mere intimation of this sort of thing to a girl of the Sylph's character was offensive—doubly so when her counsellor on the occasion was the woman she had once called mother-in-law. Counsel her that woman *would*, her coarse nature seeing no objection to her action. She had been handsomely bribed for the work she took in hand; expected more if she persevered, and a splendid bonus if she succeeded.

The virtuous firmness of the Sylph, which the elder woman called "foolish obstinacy," gave the latter considerable uneasiness, and, like the often thwarted soldier, she resolved to make one final, desperate attempt. She did so, but came off the loser—leaving the presence of the poor girl, whom she had grieviously persecuted, with a curse upon her lips.

This was during the forenoon of a day that promised storm, and it would have been observed by any person near the Sylph after her visitor had quitted her, that she expressed some uneasiness of mind, muttered to herself occasionally, and paced her room with unquiet steps.

As the day advanced, so did the gloom and severity of the weather, and at three o'clock the aspect of affairs was so unpropitious as to induce the manager to issue notices that no performance would come off at the theatre that evening. This was only politic in that gentleman, as, granting the weather to continue as it was, nobody would go forth to see a play; anticipating it to be what it really became, it would require a large bribe to induce anybody comfortably housed to go forth at all.

There was a high wind and a drenching rain—the former bowing the stout branches of the king of the forest, and roaring down chimnies, like the loudest thunder, the latter dashing against windows and street lamps, and breaking more than certain persons liked to pay for next day. As we have already said, there was plenty of water in the neighborhood—a river and several streams or brooks. These were mightily surcharged on that evening, so that much of the adjacent land was submerged.

The morning following there was a great change in the weather and the view of things—a golden sun in an unclouded sky, genial breezes, and a cheering outline of country, birds flying overhead, and the towns people going about their business with merry faces.

But the day did not pass without some anxiety, nor did the following day without bringing some horror. At the theatre there was a rehearsal at ten o'clock in the morning, at which all the professionals properly required in it assembled—all save the Sylph. She was waited for some time—then, as she was in the first scene, she was sent for, but to the great surprise of the manager and his people, the word brought back was, that Miss Norton was not at home, and had not been seen since five o'clock the preceding evening, when she quitted the house in a cloak and carrying an umbrella in her hand. She had been advised not to go forth at such a season, but had responded in her own quiet way and with a sweet smile on her face, that nothing wrong was likely to happen to her.

She was sent after several times in the course of the day, and once the manager called, along with some of the company. It was no use; the same story was told—nothing more and nothing less. A little more might have been told had the landlord been keener witted than he was—something that might have thrown a ray of light on the absence of the Sylph.

As a matter of course, somebody took her part in the evening's performances, but to anything save the satisfaction of the audience. The substitute was no other than the daughter of the man whom Mrs. Norton had married—a coarse, ordinary piece of humanity enough, the ridiculous contrast of the Sylph.

So much for the surprise that followed the storm we have been describing; the horror was reserved for a few days afterwards.

Then, the waters had subsided and cast upon the shore all that remained of a once lovely young woman. The clothes were entirely unrecognizable, and the features almost so. There were, however, particular points that tended to identity—the figure, the teeth and the hair. These were very beautiful, and could be no other than those of the actress! This assurance once expressed, it gained general credence, and the conclusion was that Rose Norton had been drowned! But why had she gone forth in such weather as that of a few days since? why wended her way to a suburb of the town? These and other questions of a similar character might have been asked, but they were not.

There was an inquest on the body of the Sylph, and the usual verdict, under such circumstances, was returned—"Found Drowned." Two days afterwards the remains were consigned to the earth, a long funeral train following. A brief inscription was on the coffin lid, giving the name of Rose Norton, the date of her death, and her age. That was nineteen years and a few months.

* * * * * * *

Five years passed away. The theatre at which the Sylph had been engaged was still an institution, and under the old management. There had been several changes in the company, however, and among the "goners" were the relict of Norton; her second husband, and his daughter. But there remained sufficient of the usual stock to recur to former times—to the Sylph and her unfortunate death among many other things.

Sometimes "stars" visited the theatre in question; at the date we resume our narrative, an advent of the sort was promised. It was to be a double appearance—a lady and gentleman in the principal characters of Shakespeare.

There had been a great deal of talk about these persons. The lady was alleged to be very beautiful and very clever; the gentleman good looking and capable, and promising to attain to higher excellence, through the training of his wife, whom it was also said had given him his first instructions. The name of these professionals was Rothry.

Big bills announced their coming, and in the course of less than two days all the seats in the boxes were taken. Every one of the usual play-goers was on the alert to visit the theatre on the opening night, and many others, strangers to the place, resolved also to put in an appearance on the auspicious occasion. It was a gay time; the treasurer smiled like a May flower, the stage manager was more than usually bland, and the manager himself rubbed his palms complacently, and began to cast up his probable profits.

The "stars" were to arrive on a certain morning—that preceding the performance, and to have a careful rehearsal. They arrived in due course, and going straight from the hotel where they put up to the theatre, burst upon the folks there in all their glory.

It might have been observed that the gentleman came with his hat worn over his eyes more than it was absolutely necessary for him to do, and it might also have been noticed that the lady had her veil down. But no sooner did the manager approach the two, his beaver in his hand, bowing and smiling, than off went the hat of Mr. Rothry, and up the veil of his wife.

"My God!" exclaimed the manager, "whom do I see?"

The members of the company, as it had stood five years ago, expressed themselves somewhat after the fashion of their chief, and with him grouped around the new comers.

"And whom *did* the manager see?" will doubtless be the query of the reader. Nobody save Mr. and Mrs. Rothry, we can assure him—late Teddy Lancaster and Rose Norton!

So the Sylph had not been drowned after all. Somebody had, however, and exceedingly like the young actress—*whom*, with the facts that led to the calamity, also the sudden disappearance of Rose, it becomes our duty now to explain.

The surmise that Ted Lancaster was in love with the Sylph had been perfectly correct, and it must be added that she loved him, too. Of her pressing suit of her mother-in-law, in connection with the old Squire, we spoke in the proper place—also of the disquietude the final appeal of the vile old woman had caused the young actress. But we have not, as yet, touched upon the action that immediately followed—the sending for Ted by Rose, her questioning him (she knowing all the time of his dissatisfaction with his home and his desire to be an actor) if he would marry her, and adventure on the world in her company. He said he would. Then ensued many trifles—such, for example, as the conveyance of the Sylph's trunk to the railroad depot, Ted's packing up of his own goods, the writing of a letter by Rose to the manager (which, however, the boy entrusted with it omitted to deliver) and ditto on the part of young Lancaster to his folks, simply indicating that he was going to try his luck away from home for awhile. At an early hour in the evening the lovers had met at a given point, and thence departed. Neither had ever heard of the supposed death of Rose, and the reason why they had assumed a false name was to cut off all connection with the wicked mother-in-law and her set.

But something about Mary Deering. It transpired that she had been keeping rather exclusive company with a young man for a time, and had consented to elope with him under a promise of marriage he most likely never intended to fulfil. Mary had seen a sort of triumph in the affair, and had told her half blind and half foolish grandmother, with whom she lived, that she was going on a visit to her aunt, at a distance, for a month. The old woman was quite willing that she should do so, and she left the cottage, apparently, for that purpose.

This was a short time after the departure of the Sylph. Mary had agreed to meet her lover on a small bridge spanning a stream near the railroad. Thither she went a little before the time, and thither her young man followed her a little after. In the interval the wind and the rain had increased, and the bridge with its fair expectant had been whelmed into the water beneath. These developments were made by the young man himself, on his death bed, before the Rothry's engagement came to a conclusion. It appeared that Mary Deering's grandmother did not mourn the girl's absence a month; therefore, the lack of any particular enquiry relative to her is easily accounted for.

There was something, however, in association with the departure of Teddy Lancaster and the Sylph that puzzled the manager and those with him a little. It was how persons so well known as the young man and woman were should escape the observation of the railroad officials. This the Sylph settled at once and in the most satisfactory manner possible.

"Oh," said she, "the weather was very dark and bad, and the people did not take much notice of faces. Beside, my young man here wore his hat slouched over his eyes, the same as he did when he entered the theatre for rehearsal; and I—why, I wore my veil down."

The engagement of the professionals turned out signally triumphant. How could it fail to do so in view of their great talent, the lady's beauty, and the knowledge of who they were—Ted Lancaster and the Sylph?

A REMINISCENCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY GAULEY.

Nearly ten years ago a certain company of "players" commenced a "season" at Beckel's Hall, in the goodly city of Dayton, Ohio. The manager was a well-dressed, highly-perfumed, and exceedingly agreeable gentleman, known among his acquaintances as Aleck Menken. The company was composed of very worthy people, who knew how to give a good "show," and, for a time, all went "merry as a marriage bell."

The second week a new name (then) to fame was announced as the "star"—Adah Isaacs Menken. Her initiatory piece was "Fazio," in which, as Bianca, she made a very favorable impression upon the audience. Determined that nothing should be lacking on her part to render her engagement an agreeable one to the public and remunerative to the manager, she played tragedy, comedy, and danced or sang between pieces, all on the same night! The lady became a favorite, and made many friends, both while on and off the stage. But, owing to some of the many causes of managerial failures, the season was brought to an abrupt close, with empty pockets "all 'round."

At the time of which we are writing there was an association of resident "artists" in the city, who had given several public entertainments in a highly creditable manner. After the failure of Menken's enterprise, a consolidation of "professionals" and "amateurs" was effected, and during the months of July, August and September, 1858, a series of performances were given by this "mixed talent." Here the Menken made herself very useful, and labored hard at rehearsals and before her audiences to make the entertainments successful. Credit is also due Mrs. Maddocks, Mrs. Donnelly, Mrs. Dixon, Mr. Tom Donnelly, and other "regulars," for valuable services during the run of the "combination."

But "the Menken" is the heroine of this "plain, unvarnished tale," and we must stick to our text. The lady was at the time referred to at the lowest round of the ladder of fame and *finance*, but she was a firm believer in the truism, "where there is a *will* there is a *way*." She had the *will*, and was determined to find the *way* to attain her "dearest ambition"—a *name* inferior to none in the arduous profession she had, from choice, adopted.

At an evening rehearsal on one occasion, the manager of the association noticed that Mrs. Menken appeared somewhat downcast and troubled. Fearing that something was going wrong, he approached her on the subject, and inquired if anything more could be done by him to render her situation more agreeable. She replied:—

"No, Mr.——, I believe you are doing everything in your power for my welfare, for which I thank you and your company. I feel sorely perplexed and troubled sometimes when I think of what is before me. I have no one but myself to depend upon, but the fame I covet in this profession I *will* have despite all obstacles. But few of the many who have reached the goal of the actor's ambition have had so great difficulties in their pathway as have I. Without means or influential friends, I must work my own way, and I am determined that the *world* shall yet accord me a place among the greatest lights that have shown on the mimic stage."

How well she has succeeded in her laudable purpose the newspapers of two continents are telling every day.

One of the many apparently *trifling* things that tend to "make a man," the reputation of a person aspiring to public honors, may be recorded in connection with Mrs. Menken's engagement with the amateur association. The programme one evening consisted of "London Assurance" and "The Swiss Cottage," in both of which pieces she sustained parts. In the farce she took the part of Corporal Max, and so *Menkenized* this usually insignificant character that the audience was perfectly delighted. She promoted the Corporal to Captain, and replaced the usual "guard of three or four supers" by a platoon of regular "citizen soldiers" in full uniform. Such a splendid looking little officer as she made is seldom seen and such a "drilling" as she gave those boys, in a scene arranged especially for the occasion, they and the audience long remembered. Who that read the papers of that day will forget the many notices given to the purport that "Adah Isaacs Menken, a rising young actress, had joined a military company 'out West,' and been elected captain?" Without in the least detracting from her own personal efforts, we can honestly claim that to the notoriety she gained in the performance of "The Swiss Cottage" on the occasion referred to Mrs. Menken owes no little of the fame she so soon acquired.

Like nearly all who have successfully trodden the rugged road to fame over the precarious "boards," Mrs. Menken at first apparently thought tragedy her *forte*. Her sterling good sense, however, soon taught her that, although she might obtain more than a mediocre standing as a tragedienne, the "heavies" was not her line. The writer feared that she would fail to satisfy *herself* if she persisted in the course she at first marked out, and was much pleased a few years later to notice that she had adopted the line of characters so well suited to her peculiar abilities, and in which she has so granly succeeded.

Young aspirant for histrionic fame, there is a "moral" for you in this "episode in the life of an actress." Would you, like her, become one of the bright "planets" in the theatrical firmament, you must be satisfied beyond the shadow of a doubt that you are suited for the business, and that the business is suited to you. You must have energy, perseverance, and a laudable ambition to excel. Do not persist in murdering "Richard" or "Hamlet" or "Macbeth" in the *first* act, when you are peculiarly adapted for investing "Toodles" or "Peter Spike" or "Cousin Joe" with new life! Work and study, persevere, live soberly and honestly, and if there is anything in you the public will soon ascertain the fact and reward your trials and struggles as they have those of the unapproachable Menken.

VIDOCQ'S LAST EXPLOIT.

The last exploit of Vidocq, the famous French detective, is said to have been as follows:—

A rich merchant went to him to consult on a deficit of 150,000 francs which he had found on his books. Vidocq demanded:

"What is the age of your cashier?"

"Twenty-five. But I am as sure of him as I am of myself; he has been robbed. He is a victim like myself."

"Are you married?"

"Yes."

"How old is your wife? Is she handsome? Is she honest?"

"Oh, yes, my wife is virtue itself—honorable, attached to me above——"

"Never mind all that; your cashier is twenty-five; is your wife handsome?"

"Since you insist upon knowing, she is handsome, but—"

"But! but! no matter about the buts! You wish to find your money, don't you, and you have confidence in me?"

"Of course I have, since I am here."

"Very well, then, go back home, make believe that you are going on a journey, and introduce me into the house."

This was done, the merchant left home, and Vidocq hid himself in the closet near the chamber of the lady. Breakfast was served; a young man was shown in, and addressed thus by Madame:

"Very well, Arthur; he is gone, but he suspects us."

The rival of Carpentier went over a long tirade of love and desolation, concluding with these words:

"Only one road is left open for us; let us take what is left and embark for——"

Vidocq stepped out of his place of concealment.

Tableau!

"My children, be calm, or I'll break both your heads," said Vidocq. "We understand each other, I suppose. Now tell me, where is the stolen money?"

"We have only 100,000 francs left," replied the woman.

"Are you telling the truth?"

"Oh, I swear it."

"Very well; give it to me."

The money was given over.

"Now, then, let this affair be forgotten; never speak of it to your husband, and he shall know nothing. As for you, sir, give me your delicate little thumbs."

He placed handcuffs on the gentleman, conducted him to Havre, put him on ship bound for America, and left him with the French adieu, "Go hang yourself elsewhere."

Vidocq came to Paris, and handed the 100,000 francs to the merchant, saying:

"Your cashier was the thief, but he had spent 50,000 francs of the money with a *danseuse*—I embarked him for New York."

Afterward no happier family was ever known than that of the merchant.

SLEIGHING AND SLEDGING.—The English call sleigh riding sledge driving. There is some difference between driving a sleigh and driving a sledge.

ABOUT DWARFS.

Below three feet in height a dwarf likes to descend, if he can. This makes him more famous. Lydia Walpole, a dwarf at Bartholomew Fair, forty years ago, was thirty-five inches high. A brush maker of Edinburgh, so short as to be known as the "Town Steeple," married a girl who was a little shorter than himself; they averaged thirty-four inches each, and were generally known as being as broad as they were long. Eighty years ago, there died Mrs. Kelly, known as the "Irish Fairy;" she was thirty-four inches high, and died in giving birth to a child. But the best specimen of humanity of this altitude was, perhaps, Madame Teresa, known as the "Corsican Fairy," who was exhibited in London some years before the Irish Fairy. She was an elegant little creature, pretty, womanly, and yet fairy-like; less than a yard in height, she was still a lady, if her portraits are to be trusted. In the time of Sir Hans Sloane there was exhibited, at the Mitre and Rummer at Charing Cross, "a little wild man, aged twenty-seven, and thirty-four inches high." And at a coffee house in Charing Cross (a famous place for exhibitions was Charing Cross in those days) "a little man, fifty years old, two feet nine inches high and the father of eight children. When he slept, he put his head between his feet, to rest on by way of a pillow, and his great toes in each ear, which posture he showed to the general satisfaction of all the spectators." The Liege people boast of an old woman, who died about a century ago, at the age of a hundred, and with the altitude of thirty-two inches. Mary Jane, of the same height, died at Wem, in Shropshire, ninety years ago; but the poor thing was deformed and lame. An advertisement of the time of William and Mary tells of a German woman, "at the brandy shop, over against the Eagle and Child, in Stocks' Market" (where the Mansion House now stands) "the dwarf of the world, being but two feet seven in height, and the mother of two children." This was also the height of "a man of the least stature that has been seen in the memory of man," at the Plume of Feathers, in the same locality. One exhibition was of "a little Scotchman, but two feet and six inches high, near upon sixty years old; he sang and danced with his son; he formerly kept a writing school, and discoursed of the Scriptures and of many eminent histories very wisely"—a pedagogue in a nutshell. The *Journal de Medecine* noticed a man twenty-eight inches high. Mr. Simon Paap, a Dutch dwarf, who attracted a good deal of attention in London fifty years ago, was about as many inches in height as he was pounds in weight, and years in age—twenty-eight. In Queen Anne's time, there was "a little fairy woman, come from Italy, being but two feet two inches high." There is a record of one Hannah Bounce, who, although she was only twenty-five inches in height, yet gave birth to a child.

AN "INCIDENT" OF THE WAR.—On one occasion, after the battle of Shiloh, the hospitals of the towns and cities on the Ohio river were so crowded with wounded men, both Confederate and Federal, that some of them were sent to Covington, Ky., and placed in the Southern Mother's Home, under the care of that benevolent institution. On a bright and pleasant day, after some of the wounded had become convalescent, a Confederate soldier was out "sunning himself," when a Federal soldier of the Teutonic persuasion also came out, and after walking round and eyeing our Confederate friend for some time, accosted him thus:—

"You pees von secesh?"

"How do you know?" said the Confederate.

"You pe so tam fat!"

"Explain yourself," said the Confederate.

"Vell, I pees in te hospitle myshelf, I see some tings vot goes on. De ladies coome in mit the pasket on de arm, and she coomed to me and she say, 'Vat you pe?' I say, 'I pees Oonion man, vounded at Shiloh.' She say, 'Vat a pity for de beeples ven de var don't sthope!' Den she goes to you and say, 'Vat you bin?' You say, 'I pees a rebel soldier, vounded mit Shiloh.' Den she puts her lily vite hand in te pasket and dakes out de cake and de vine, and gives you ever vat you vant. After vile another lady comes in, mit te basket on her arm, and she goes to you fust, and ask you vot you bin? You say, 'I pees rebel soldier, vounded mit Shiloh.' She say, 'Vot a pity?' Den I dinks I goin' to git something. Vell, she come to me and say, 'Vat you bin?' I say, 'I pees Oonion man, vounded mit Shiloh.' She sets down her parket and puts in her lily vite hand, and pulls out a tam Mettotist track! You tinks a man get fat on de Mettotist track! De tam secesh, da gits de cake and vine, and ever vat da vant, and de Oonion mens can't even git to shmell de bottle."

A NEW WAY OF GETTING A DRINK.—A good joke is told on one of our clever saloon keepers, which is too full of genuine humor, "under pressing circumstances," to be lost:—

A short time ago a representative of the Green Isle stepped into the saloon of the person above alluded to, and with a countenance full of inquiry, said:—

"An' have you got any good rye whiskey?"

"Yes, very good; the best in town," said the saloon man.

"An' have you got any half pint bottles, my good man?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"An' will you please fill one with your best rye whiskey for me?"

"Of course," said the obliging dealer; and, after reaching for the required flask and spending a full half hour cleaning it, repaired to the cellar, drew half a pint of his Bourbon, and presented it to the gentleman in waiting.

Pat took the bottle, raised it to his lips, swallowed at least half of its contents, and then, after making the appropriate face over it, said in a very confidential tone:—

"Will you please to sit this to one side till I call for it?"

The saloon keeper, "smelling a large sized rat trap full of small mice," carefully stowed away the said half filled bottle. The fellow never called for it, but took this novel way of obtaining a drink.

NOVEL MODE OF MANAGING A RESTIVE HORSE.—Recently a groom, mounted on a high mettled hunter, entered the High street of Coldstream, Eng., and, when opposite Sir John Majoribank's monument, the horse began to plunge and rear to a fearful extent, swerving to the right and then to the left, but go forward he would not, nor could all the exertions of the groom overcome his obstinacy. The street was filled with people expecting to see the animal destroy himself on the spikes of the iron railing around the monument, when Mr. McDougal, saddler, walked up to the groom and said: "I think, my man, you are not taking the proper method to make the horse go; allow me, if you please, to show you a trick worth knowing." "Well," says the groom, "if you can make him go, it's more than I can," when Mr. McDougal took a piece of whip cord, which he tied with a firm knot on the end of the animal's ear, which he bent gently down, fastening the end of the string to the check buckle of the bridle, which done, he patted the horse's neck once or twice, and said, "Now let me see you go quietly home like a good horse," and, astonishing to relate, it moved off as gently as if nothing had happened. Mr. McDougal says he has seen, in London, horses which no manner of force could make go, while this mild treatment was always successful.

TOO MUCH FOR GOOD NATURE.—The following laughable incident is said to have recently occurred in the Legislature of "Old Kaintuck." A tall, brawny-armed, honest representative of the people from one of the mountain counties, full of conservatism and a strong advocate of the Louisville *Journal*, each morning as he would take his seat in the house, would commence reading his favorite paper, and about the same moment some member would move to dispense with the reading of the *journal*, and our mountain member would lay down his paper. He stood this for some time, when, rising from his seat one morning, after the usual motion, he exclaimed at the top of his voice:—"Mr. Speaker—I've sot here in my seat for mor'n a week and submitted to the tyranny of this House. Somebody every morning moves to dispense with the reading of the "*Journal*," and I've lost every paper I've bought for a week by it, and no man has ever moved to dispense with the *Democrat* or *Commercial*—and, Mr. Speaker, I won't stand it any longer. Mr. Speaker——" Here the balance was lost in the general laughter.

SPORTS OF YOUTH.—A writer in a recent number of "Blackwood's Magazine," says that the development of muscular education is beginning to attract a great deal of attention, and that the gospel of athletics has been preached very energetically, and its missionaries may point to very considerable results in all qualities whatever, may be their weight, for good or evil. The remark is made concerning England—but the same may be said of this country. Witness the base ball epidemic. Young men will have their sports and amusements, and the more healthful they are, the better. It is better for them to play base ball than to "practice" at bar-rooms. It is better to be "excited" at a game of "athletics" than at a game of cards. It is better for them to play at base ball than at loo or whist. It is better for them to return to their houses wearied with the open sports of the field, than to seek their dwellings overcome by the miserable potations of strong drink. Therefore it is that we heartily approve of all the manly exercises of young men.

BILLINGSISMS.—A dog is the only dependent that I know ov upon whom yu kan always rely az a friend.

Thar iz no one who iz so certain ov always feelin good az he whose own vanity always supplies hiz hopper with a grist.

Friendship iz like pickled meats; tew keep it sweet, the brine wants changing once in a while.

Let the world understand that yu kan be spit upon, and yu are a spit box for life.

It ain't the hump on a man's back that iz the subjick of ridikule—it iz the wreath of flowers which he undertakes tew hide it with.

If fools would be kontent to ackt natral, they wouldn't be noticed.

My idea ov a delightful woman iz one who seems tew luv everybudy, but in fakt only luvs her husband.

Adam probably was never more tickled than when he diskovered Eve, which shows how unnatural solitude iz.

IN TUNE.—A certain organist was very peculiar as to the nature of his meals, and having gone to church one Sunday without leaving his usual directions, the anxious wife sent her little boy for instructions. When the boy reached the church he found they had commenced the *Te Deum*, and fearing to wait until it was finished, he crept up to his father and commenced singing (*sotto voce*) in his ear, in the treble tone:

"Mother's got a hind quarter of lamb—
What shall she do with it?"

The organist was rather astonished, but promptly replied, in bass:

"Roast the loin and boil the leg,
And make a pudding of the suet."

With which message the young musical genius instantly decamped.

A PUN-GENT PLAYER.—A comedian, by way of puff for his approaching benefit, published these lines:—

Dear public, you and I, of late,
Have dealt so much in fun,
I'll crack you, now, a monstrous great
Quadruplicated pun!

Like a *grate full* of coals I'll glow,
A *great full* house to see;
And if I am not *grateful* too,
A *great fool* I must be!

AN ENGLISH GIANT.—John Middleton, born in the year 1578, was remarkable for his large stature and extraordinary strength. It is traditionally reported, that Sir G. Ireland took him to London, and introduced him to the presence of King James I., dressed up in a very fantastic style. On his return from London a portrait was taken of him, which is preserved in the library of Braze Nose College, Oxford. Dr. Plott says—"His hand, from the carpus to the end of the middle finger, was seventeen inches long; his palm, eight inches and a half broad; and his height, nine feet eight inches, wanting but six inches of the size of Goliah."

THE ELDER BOOTH.—In Boston, at the Tremont Theatre, during the stage management of Mr. William H. Smith, Mr. Booth was announced to follow a short season of comedy, by performing in some of his most effective tragic plays. "Evadne" was selected for the first performance. The house was crowded. At the precise moment when Ludovico should enter, Mr. Booth promptly appeared, and the immense audience gave him "an immense reception." He did not heed the plaudits, but moved forward, and turning abruptly up the stage, found on a door a knocker. It had been used the night before in a comedy. This noisy property seemed at the moment more important to Mr. Booth than the play of "Evadne," or the people who had come to witness it. He seized it and gave it a London gentleman's well known and peculiar rat-tat-tat, surprising every one familiar with the scene upon which he had entered. A pause ensued. Then Mr. Booth came toward the footlights and said, with imperturbable coolness, "Ladies and gentlemen, it appears that there is nobody at home!" Murmurs filled the house, which were soon turned into a general conversation, as the stage manager came forth and seized Mr. Booth by the collar. The tragedian was taken from the stage. What ensued behind the scenes has never been publicly stated. Mr. Smith took Mr. Booth into the green room, and told him he would punish him severely if he did not proceed with the business of the evening. The threat had a good effect. The curtain was taken up a second time, and Mr. Booth again appeared. No one who was present that evening will forget the brilliant manner in which Mr. Booth performed Ludovico. We doubt if he ever surpassed that personation. The character was sustained without the slightest flaw or speck, and such was the brilliancy of the performance, that the whole audience, particularly during the last act, held spellbound by the great actor's art, remained in mute and breathless admiration of the scene. Had not Mr. Booth been persuaded to personate Ludovico on the evening to which we have referred, it might have been said that he was intoxicated, as was frequently said when he exhibited similar aberrations of mind. The perfection of his acting showed that he was not under alcoholic influence, for no man can place himself before the public upon the stage, even in a slightly intoxicated condition, without being betrayed by his eyes, if not his general appearance. Another occurrence of the like nature took place at the Chatham Street Theatre, under Mr. Charles Thorne's management, in 1839. Mr. Booth exhibited at that time such an indifference in the opening scenes of "Othello," that he was hissed most emphatically. He resented the treatment by beginning to act in his best manner from the close of the Senate scene till the end of the play. During that engagement he drank neither wine nor

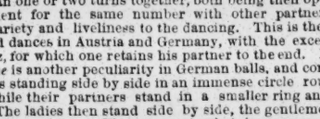
HOW THEY DANCE IN GERMANY.—As many of our readers are doubtless devotees of Terpsichore, the following description of the Carnival balls given at Vienna will be read with interest:—There are usually twelve or fifteen of these balls during the Carnival, and they are ever looked forward to as the pleasantest. They are gotten up by a committee of gentlemen selected by the profession, society, &c., who intend giving the ball; these issue invitations to ladies, either their friends, or their friends' friends; the invited ladies request permission to bring a certain number of their personal male friends, to whom cards of invitation, not transferable, are also issued. The arrangements in force are of such a nature as to make the company very select and proper. Dancing commences at 8 P.M., continues till 1 A.M., then, a long German supper having been properly discussed, dancing is resumed till daylight. The cotillion, a dance which always takes place the last before supper deserves particular mention, on account of the originality and variety of its figures. After marching about the room in file to martial music, a species of Roger de Coverley figure is gone through, then a few brief turns round the room in Indian file is followed by a general "ladies chain," after which gentlemen lead their partners to seats placed all round the room, and stand themselves immediately in front. Cushions covered with an immense quantity of small bows of colored ribbons are handed to the ladies, who select as many as they require, ten, twelve or fifteen. All being supplied, a "Polka Francais" strikes up, and any lady wishing to dance fastens one of the bows of ribbon to the coat of any gentleman she wishes to dance with. He takes one or two turns round the room, and then leads her back, while the lady pursues the same plan with any other gentleman she desires as a partner. Before long some favorite dancer or well-known character is sure to be seen panting heavily with a coat covered with ribbons, gallantry making it imperative that no request from a lady should be refused. The ribbons being expended, a slight lull follows, after which gentlemen are supplied with ten or a dozen small bouquets, one of which he presents to any lady he desires to dance with The arrangement in existence makes it incorrect for a couple to take more than one or two turns together, both being then open to an engagement for the same number with other partners, thus giving variety and liveliness to the dancing. This is the case in all round dances in Austria and Germany, with the exception of the waltz, for which one retains his partner to the end. Dancing *en colonne* is another peculiarity in German balls, and consists in the ladies standing side by side in an immense circle round the room, while their partners stand in a smaller ring and facing them. The ladies then stand side by side, the gentlemen ditto, facing their partners. The person at, what is supposed to be the head of the circle—if there was such a thing—waltzes with his partner between the two rings once round the room and returns to his original position, with his partner again facing him. After he has had five or six yards start, the next couple go through the same thing, and so on, *ad infinitum*. The method in a crowded room is excellent, and saves much pushing, at the same time giving all "a clear field and no favor."

GYMNASIUM FOR LADIES.—In the fashionable columns of the *Queen*, the ladies' newspaper of England, a long article on the subject of physical education for women and the Liverpool Gymnasium is given, together with a large and elaborate wood engraving illustrative of the ladies' gymnastic costume. The article concludes as follows: "Scarcely anything can be imagined more interesting or charming than the gymnasium on an afternoon, when some fifty or sixty ladies, married women as well as girls, occupy it. The military precision of their movements when in class, the freedom with which they abandon themselves to their favorite exercise when the regular work terminates, the eager rush of pattering feet as some half dozen seize hold of the 'giant stride,' a circular swing suspended from the roof—the somewhat exciting contest for possession of the favorite see-saw—the energetic attack on the fort, a French invention by which one is taught to climb, while a crush up the spiral iron staircase that leads to the gallery proclaims something special in that direction: it is a sort of hammock suspended between the ropes at a considerable incline, and the task or amusement is to take a seat in the said hammock and pull yourself up by the arms as far as those arms have the power to take you. We wish we could enumerate half the novel devices that the Liverpool school of physics abounds in, and convey to our readers a tithe of the pleasure the mere looker on enjoys from the novel sight."

THE HABITS OF THE TROUT.—A paragraph in the Oxford *Democrat*, on the habits of trout, has interested us. It seems that in Mexico—a small town in Oxford county—"there is a small pond, shallow, and so situated that in a clear day every object on the bottom can be plainly seen; and in no instance has a trout ever been seen or caught on a clear day; though on a cloudy day a man can take as many as he can carry. It has always been claimed by the residents thereabouts that they lay in the mud. This idea seems preposterous, but we find it substantiated by a recent occurrence. Mr. J. Hodgdon, Jr., of Byron, a perfectly reliable man, who stood on the bank of Webb river, at the outlet of a brook, where the water did not exceed an inch in depth, saw a trout dart from the river and disappear, all but a bit of his tail, in the mud. He placed an obstruction across the brook, and with a grapple took him out. This disturbance proved that more fish were there, and in a few minutes, with his hands, he took out six that weighed six pounds. Our informant says he cannot doubt this statement, though it is so contrary to all existing notions about the fish. It is said that they lay in such places to protect themselves from the cold."

BILLIARDS.

The Standard American Billiard Tables



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These Billiard Tables have received the unqualified approval of the best players and most competent judges, who have universally pronounced them unequalled for general excellence and durability.

Seven distinct patents for improvements in Billiard Tables have been granted to us by the United States Patent Office, and we have lately obtained a patent from the French Government for our improvements in billiard cushions.

We employ, in the construction of our tables, a variety of machines specially made for the purpose, by which means we are enabled to insure a scientific and mechanical accuracy hitherto unknown in billiard manufacture.

AMERICAN CUE CEMENT.—Price for large bottles, 50 cents. Warranted the best in use.

Price Lists and full information sent by mail.

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Furnished with the Best Cushion ever invented, viz:—
"THE CAT GUT"
made only by KAVANAGH & DECKER, cor. Canal and Centre streets, New York City.

The Cat Gut Cushion, for which we have a Patent dated December 18th, 1865, is an improvement billiard men have long been wishing for. Wherever it has been tried—and it has been introduced extensively within the past year in New York and vicinity—it has given perfect satisfaction. We are frequently called upon to remove the cushions of other makers, and substitute THE CAT GUT.

Price of a table fully equipped, $525.

KAVANAGH & DECKER,
41 3m Canal and Centre st., New York.

THE CONNECTICUT BILLIARD CHAMPIONSHIP.—The championship of the Nutmeg State is for a second time the subject of practical controversy, the first cue having been retained and defended for the prescribed length of time by Gershom B. Hubbel, who has now retired with all the honors. The first match under the regulations of the second tournament is to be played at Allyn Hall, Hartford, Ct., on the evening of Tuesday, the 19th inst., the contestants being W. Wollahan, the present champion, and Matt H. Hewins, of Hartford. As the ladies are invited, a numerous and select attendance of spectators is expected, including a number of cue-rious experts.

DESPERATE COCK FIGHT IN BUFFALO.—On the 9th inst., there was a desperate cock fight between birds owned respectively by J. Neill and Paul Rayn, for $100 a side, which was well contested for in 30 minutes, when both made one grand effort for victory, and each broke a leg. After fighting 20 minutes more Joe's cock gave Paul's rooster a brain blow with that dreadful heel of French Frank's make, which ended the dispute, after fighting 50 minutes in all.

SHOOTING BOOTS.—It will contribute much to the sportsman's comfort to have his boots well dressed with the following mixture, as this previous saturation will not only render them completely water tight, but at the same time perfectly supple:—1 pint boiled linseed oil, 8 oz. mutton suet, 6 oz. beeswax, 4 oz. resin; the whole to be melted over a slow fire, and to be well rubbed in with the hand whilst warm.

ALAS! POOR DOBG.—A Maine paper tells a hard story about an habitual drunkard in Saco, who dropped from his mouth a piece of cracker he was eating, when a little dog immediately picked it up and ate it, and in less than an hour swelled up and died.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

THEO. M. BROWN.—"Hesperian" owns square up dead beat on that 51b. suimate; he says he can't do it—and who can blame him?

P. RICHARDSON.—What in the name of all that's friendly is the reason you don't send some of your Tourney contests to the CLIPPER?

W. JOHNSON.—The same to you.

FRANK H. THURBER.—Look o' here, you juvenile young youth, "did the gods make you poetical?" *Ferruginous equus*" is a big thing on the figurative, and no mistake. The *carte* is most acceptable; receive "Miron and Phania" in return. Doing anything Caissaward? Bray blushes, but boastfully brags on beer as a bully beverage.

P. B. SHARP, Louisville.—You can scarcely have kept track of the current of chess literature to suppose that your scheme of notation is new. There is nothing left to be desired on the score of conciseness; but that it is either simple or appropriate the Chess world long since decided, No! What can you want more concise, simple or appropriate than the notation we employ in the CLIPPER?

JAS. H. MANDEVILLE, Washington.—The White King can *not* take the Black Queen to his bosom under the circumstances depicted in your diagram; it would be miscegenation and polygamy combined, and that's too much for a Christian stomach—even in these days.

E. H. C.—Sent you divers things autographical, some of which we hope will prove acceptable.

C. C. E., Washington.—Eight games at once was Morphy's standard number at "blindfold" *seances;* Paulsen usually played ten, and so did Leonard, (alas! now no more); also Mr. Blackburne. Paulsen has played twelve; and, on one occasion, if we remember rightly, fifteen, the highest number ever so attempted.

A. J. C., Chicago.—To publish your Boabdilian challenge in the terms and according to the stipulations laid down by you would subject both yourself and us to well merited ridicule. We, therefore, respectfully beg to decline becoming the medium of such a cartel.]

GEO. E. CARPENTER.—Emendations received. When leisure serves we will try to look up that matter of Schlesinger's problem. Thank you for the compliment.

GEO. GROVES, St. Catharines, C. W.—Our correspondent just answered finds two solutions to your last.

J. G. BELDEN'S CHESSMEN.—According to a recent promise we now condense from the *Kingston Journal* our mutual contributor's account of his favorite sett of chessmen. He says: "They are not made of gold, and studded with precious stones; nor yet of silver, or any other precious metal. When I tell you they are composed wholly of wood you may wonder what there can be about them worthy of a description at all. Yet six times their weight in gold cannot purchase them. * * * Every school boy is familiar with the Charter Oak. Well, my chessmen were made from the wood of that identical tree. The *King* represents an Indian chieftain with his huge war plume on and arms folded across his bare breast, with features cold, stern and relentless. It brings forcibly to mind Cooper's Scalping Peter in the 'Oak Openings.' It is such an admirable likeness that one does not feel entirely safe while viewing it. The *Queen* is an Indian princess of great beauty, resembling in imagination Pocahontas. The only ornament is a string of beads encircling her brow. The *Bishop* is an Indian Medicine Man, with an acorn for a mitre. The *Knight* is the most delicate specimen of workmanship I ever witnessed. It is a beautiful little Indian pony, rampant, on an oak leaf. The pedestal is about an inch and a half high. To carry out the design, the *Rook*, by a stretch of imagination, might be likened to an Indian wigwam, but to me it resembles a church spire more than anything else. However, like all the rest, it is beautifully carved. The *Pawns* look like tiny little goblets, each with an acorn in the mouth. They stand upon a Charter Oak board, inlaid with rosewood for the black squares. Take it all in all, it is elaborate, and it required about a year's time for the skilful designer to complete his work. I design having the men photographed full size; and to show them off to better advantage have composed a two move problem for the purpose, in which every piece and pawn of the sett appears. Beyond serving the purpose designed, the position has no merit."—J. G. B.

ANOTHER NEW CLUB.—We learn from the *Weekly Telegraph* that the amateurs of Macon, Ga., have centralized their power and interest by organizing a club. Its two important officers are S. Boykin, President, and Howell Cobb, Jr., Secretary. That this club may be a reliable and permanent promoter of Chess interests of the region of which it is the centre, is alike our hop and wish. With the officers named it cannot fail of success.

WE REALLY begin to feel as of old time in our labors Caissaward. We rapidly find ourselves being supported by new clubs, new Chess columns and awakening Chess interests on every hand. Why, even frozen, rocky, wooden, repelling New Hampshire is warming to the genial influences and wheeling into line.

Enigma No. 567.

From the Kingston Journal.

BY PROF. H. P. AGNEL.

at Q Kt sq, her 8, Q Kt 8, K B 2, Q Kt 3, Q B 2d.

at Q Kt 5, K 4, K R 2, Q Kt 4, K B 6, Q R 4th.

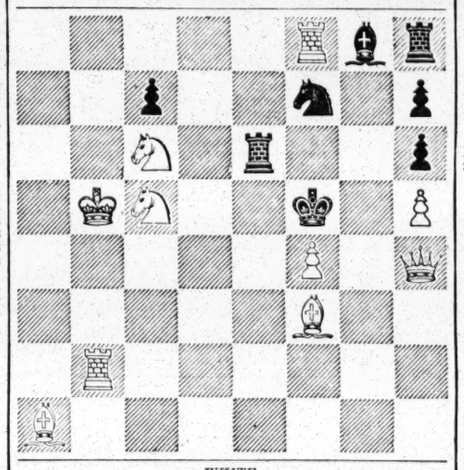
White to play and give mate in four moves.

Problem No. 567.

Very respectfully dedicated to THEO. M. BROWN.

BY GEO. E. CARPENTER,

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and compel suimate in fifteen moves.

Game No. 567.

Partie in the present Tournament of the New York Chess Club,

FRENCH DEFENCE.

Attack, Dr. Barnett.	Defence, P. Richardson.	Attack, Dr. Barnett.	Defence, P. Richardson.
1..P to K 4	P to K 3 (*a*)	17..Q R to K 2	P to K R 4
2..P-Q 4	P-Q 4	18..P-K B 4	K B × Kt
3..K P × P	K P × P	19..Q P × B	K Kt-his 5
4..K B-Q 3	K B-Q 3	20..P-K B 5	Q B-home
5..K Kt-B 3	K Kt-B 3	21..P-K R 3	P-K R 5
6..Castles	Q B-K 3	22..Q B-K sq	Kt × K P
7..Q B-Kt 5	Q Kt-Q 2	23..K Kt-B 3	Kt × Kt +
8..P-Q B 3	Q-K 2	24..K R × Kt	Q-K B 3
9..Q-her R 4	P-Q B 3	25..Q B-B 2	Q-home (*c*)
10..Q Kt-Q 2	P-K R 3	26..Q B-his 5 +	K-Kt 2
11..Q B-R 4	Q Kt-B sq	27. P-K B 6 +	K-his R 3
12..Q R-K sq	P-K Kt 4	28..Q R-K 7	Q B-K 3
13..Q B-Kt 3	Q Kt-Q 2 (*b*)	29..Q-K B 2	Kt-Q B 5
14..P-Q Kt 4	Q Kt-his 3	30..K R-B 4 (*d*)	K-his R 4
15..Q-her B 2	K-his B sq	31..Q-K B 3 +	K-his R 3
16..K Kt-K 5	Q R-K sq	32..Q R × B	Q R × R, and

Dr. B. announces mate in four moves.

(*a*) Shame on you! With all your skill and learning to stoop to this! You get well and justly punished, though; and Echo says, "served him right."

(*b*) Fairly backing out. It is not by such execrable openings, and such marching and counter-marching that P. Richardson stands so fair a chance to win the Second Prize. Not, however, that this move is not *now* as good a one as remains to him. 13.. Q Kt to Kt 3d would be fatally bad; for the Attack would at once take him off with K B, and on B P's reprisal, Q R × B winning Q next move.

(*c*) That P R's dinner hadn't digested is the least trouble that we can conjecture as afflicting him.

(*d*) Excellently played! with equal spirit and judgment he crowns his advantages with victory.

CHEQUERS.

To Correspondents.

"PERMANENT GREEN."—We do not think that Mr. Bethell desires to play for money at present.

UNCLE NED," of Brooklyn.—Mr. Wheeler, of Ticonderoga, N. Y., is a strong "natural player." He has never played a match with J. P. Sweet.

Game No. 43.---Vol. XIV.

SINGLE CORNER.

Black. Miss Melville.		White. Mr. Brown.		Black. Miss Melville.		White. Mr. Brown.	
1..11	to 15	22	to 18	12.. 5	to 14	25	to 21 (*b*)
2..15	22	25	18	13.. 2	7	22	17
3.. 8	11	29	25	14..13	22	26	10
4.. 4	8	24	29	15.. 7	14	31	26
5..10	15	25	22	16.. 3	7	26	22
6..12	16	21	17	17.. 7	10	22	17
7.. 8	12	27	24	18..15	18	17	13
8.. 9	13	32	27(*a*)	19..18	22	13	9
9.. 6	10	30	25	20..10	15	9	5
10..10	14	17	10	21..22	26, and wins.		
11.. 7	14	18	9				

(*a*) Mr. Brown condemns the books altogether, while Miss Melville acknowledges that her strength is principally owing to her knowledge of the book games. (*b*) A little more "book" in the beginning would have been "healthy" for Mr. Brown.

Solution of Position No. 79.--Vol. XIV.

BY A LOOKER ON.

Black.		White.		Black.		White.	
1..23	to 27	18	to 25	6..14	to 10	11	to 8
2..26	30	32	23	7..10	7	8	4
3..30	21	23	18	8.. 7	3	4	8
4..21	17	18	15	9.. 3	12		
5..17	14	15	11				

Solution of Position No. 80.--Vol. XIV.

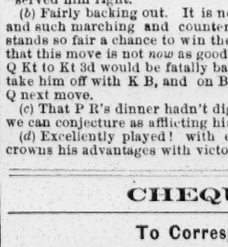
BY J. DRUMMOND.

Black.		White.		Black.	White.
1.. 2	to 7	11	to 2	3..22 to	6, and wins.
2..26	22	2	9		

Position No. 81, Vol. XIV.

BY "PERMANENT GREEN."

BLACK.



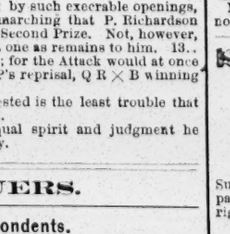
WHITE.

Black to move and win.

Position No. 82, Vol. XIV.

BY J. DRUMMOND.

BLACK.



WHITE.

Black to move and win.

THE RING.

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HARRY JENNINGS desires to inform the sporting public that he now devotes his whole attention to the Breeding, Raising and Training of Dogs, together with buying and selling, having enlarged his establishment, and has always on hand an assortment of NEWFOUNDLAND DOGS, POINTERS, SETTERS, SPANIELS, SCOTCH, SKYE, and BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS, together with a large quantity of Imported and Native stock of BULL TERRIERS, warranted fit to contend against anything in the United States, their weight averaging from ten pounds and upwards.

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City Summary.

MONDAY, Feb. 18, '67.

WE HAVE been the recipient of so many love epistles since our last, in the shape of valentines filled with huge red hearts and yellow darts, and naked, salmon-colored little boys to represent cupids, etc., that we are still in a very fine frenzy rolling, and deep in the trammels of love. It's a troublesome sort of business to be engaged in, this bartering away one's heart to a hundred or more gushing young things just beginning to understand and feel all the tender emotions of the salmon-colored little god. Did you ever notice what curious pranks love sometimes plays with young girls, sending them after affinities just the opposite of what their loving parents had pictured out for them in their mind's eye? It's a strange hallucination which sometimes works on the affections of young girls, and its a little stranger with what yearning the fair creatures go out towards the show people. The clowns of a circus troupe are the most favored by girls in the country; we have known instances where "pretty-behaved and virtuous girls," as Mrs. Calhoosey would observe, no sooner set eyes on the tights of a clown than their hearts would yearn to possess the contents of the same, and these same girls would hang around the dressing tent until the object of their desires came forth, and then and there would they declare their love, and their willingness to link their fortunes with the wearers of the motley. Clowns, no matter how virtuous they are—and *that* is their greatest protection—are but human, and when lovely country eyes beam upon them, and country hands fondle them, and country lips kiss them, is it any wonder that so many of our merry men in tights are lured from the paths of virtue, and, in an unguarded moment, fall? Is it any wonder, we say? We remember very well what trouble and scandal was brought upon our friends in tights, some years ago, in this very city, by a Fifth avenue belle and heiress making love to and overcoming the scruples of a young clown attached to a circus company then showing in this city; she did allure him to her fond embrace, and there he fell. "Oh! can I die! For thee alone I pine!" said she. The young feller's virtue succumbed, and with the belle of Avenue V he did run off, and they were married. The parents of the girl raved and stormed, and sought by legal means to set the marriage aside, but the knot was tied and could not be untied. She loved him for the somersaults he threw, for the dangers he had passed in learning how to stand on his head, jump through flat balloons, and swallow swords. *He* loved her that she did love him, and was the child of rich but tolerably respectable parents. After a good deal of negotiation, we believe the young man agreed to the parents' reconstruction policy, and at the conclusion of a well spent honeymoon, the twain separated, and *she* was restored to the bosom of her Fifth avenue family. It was only the other day that a young girl in Chicago, the daughter of influential parents, got around a circus rider belonging to Yankee Robinson's show, and so fascinated him with her sweet accent and loving caresses as to induce him to forsake the Yankee's happy family for her, and the two now roam the world together, hand in hand. If the circus chap's stamps have not run out, they are still tasting the joys of wedded bliss. It is an undisputed fact that managers of traveling circus companies find it one of the most difficult matters connected with their business to prevent their clowns, and other men in tights, from being run off with by young girls from the country. We herewith append a piece of poetry sent to a clown by a young girl in Salem, New Jersey, when the troupe performed there last summer. It seems that she was smitten at the first pop, and smiled on him, but he never smole on her; hence the lines:—

DISAPPOINTMENT.

midnights hour has past again
and nothings in this Wearyed heart but great and pane
and thruout my sleepless night, ive Watched the tejus moon
descending over yonder hill to cheer the mornings dawn

thou hast a smile upon thy face that cheers the Early moran
but unto me you have no smile my heart it is forlorn
this night remines me of the past When in a lonlay wood
i sort the deep greved hermitage to hear the murmering dorve

The lines seem to end somewhat abruptly, but that's not our fault. But circus performers in the country are not a circumstance compared to nigger minstrels in large cities. No people in the show business are so much sought after by the female sex as nigger minstrels; no matter whether the gentlemen be "champion clog dancers," "song and dance men," "excelsior boneists," "the best (or worst) comedians in the profession," the "sweetest ballad singers," or the most "gifted interlocutors," 'tis all the same to love's young dream—the women go for them, just as the crowds go for those thimbles, tooth-picks and other minor presents in the Presentation Festival. Love letters are nightly sent to them, full of soft expressions of the tender passion, and seeking an interview at some "fashionable restaurant" or other confectionary store, where lovers meet to sip ice cream and taste the nectar of each other's lips. Young girls, from fourteen upward, run after nigger singers just as parents run after paregoric when those same young creatures get the stomach ache. And let us tell you, also, that these love affairs are not confined to young girls; married women, women of education and refinement and moving in the highest circles, are among these seekers after the flesh pots of Egyptian darkness. We could name to you scores of minstrels who have been seduced from the allegiance due their wives and families by the blandishments of minstrel smitten beauties; we could point out to you many minstrels now enjoying illicit love with young girls and married women while their own wives are left to drag out a weary existence, desolate and lone, with barely sufficient of the necessaries of life to keep soul and body together. This is no fiction. Men who mean to keep the pledge they made at the altar are lured from the path of rectitude and virtue by women whose lustful passions make them beautiful devils, and who slowly encompass their victims until both are brought to ruin and degradation. We do not say that our minstrel friends are immaculate, that they are not at fault themselves, sometimes. On the contrary, some of them are regular devils after women; and so suspicious are the wives of a few of them that they attend every performance where their lords appear; they watch every look and motion, and woe betide the girl or woman who is caught making love to *their* husbands; the fate of Mrs. Lot is blissful repose compared to that reserved for these seductive angels in disguise. Some wives of minstrels are so overbearing that they drive many a good man to other pastures; some travel with their husbands, and make things anything but pleasant with the "full band;" but take them all through, more nigger singers are ensnared by "strange women" than strange women are led astray by nigger singers. We were shown, the other day, a note received by a minstrel now performing in this city, a note penned in most delicate lines on tinted and perfumed paper, the language of which breathed love's ardent passion, and after soliciting an interview, naming time and place, the writer closes by saying, "O, come to me, king of my soul; come to these open arms, and pillow thy head upon my bosom. Oh! come

"Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
And all, save the spirit of man, is divine."
'Tis the clime of the East, 'tis the land of the sun,—
Can he smile on such deeds as his children have done?
Oh! wild as the accents of lovers' farewell,

Are the hearts which they bear, and the tales which they tell."

Showing that the lady is a student of Byron, if not of Swinburne. But enough of this. To other things our duty we must lend, and you, dear reader, faithfully attend.

Edwin Booth and his Shylock, now on the boards of the Winter Garden, are much talked about in critical circles, and many are the disputes concerning the Jew that Shakespeare created. Men whose learning will never make them mad enter into the discussion, and build up the Boothenian structure or crush his Shylock into crumbling ruins, just as their ideas tends. Some laud Shylock because they only see Booth in it, who is their idol; other some condemn the character in Edwin's hands, and say he knows naught of it. These differences must lead to good; for heretofore the critics' aim has been to see who could land him highest; not who the actor's faults could show, but who could hide them best. We are now reaching that state where justice will be done the man, and critics grow more honest. 'Tis well, for then the player and the public, too, will both alike have justice. In the meantime these intellectual Shakespearean treats that Mr. Stuart gives us are well attended by old and young, who one night gloat on "Black Crook" charms, the next drink Shakespeare's inspiration. Between the two we shall not want for beauties of sight or sound.

WHAT A PITY nigger minstrelsy did not flourish when the Bard of Avon flourished, for would not his wondrous mind have explored the dark and dangerous field, and given us many happy burlesques? Sweet Willie Shakespeare and sweet William Birch would have made a lively pair of colored twins, we do believe, and carried all by storm. And speaking of the San Francisco Minstrels, puts us in mind of something. Just before sunrise on Friday morning last, a minstrel friend who had been locked in a lager bier saloon all night was seen taking an unlawful nip by a friend who had been locked out, and who was cursing because he could not share his inside friend's suffering. Thinks we to ourself, thinks we, why is that profane young man on the outside unlike a devoted lover who has just seen his affianced borne to her last resting place? Because he "shed not a tear o'er his friend's early bier."

PHINEAS T. BARNUM has been nominated for Congress, the good people of Connecticut, by their representatives in convention assembled, having conferred this honor upon him on the 14th inst., as a sort of Connecticut valentine. We believe that the great showman will make an equally great Congressman. That he will be elected is a "moral," for Barnum's supporters are in the ascendancy in his district, and it will be a walk-over for the "curiosity seeker." Three cheers for Barnum!

MR. YOUNG, who wrote verses a good while ago, says that "Some go to church, proud, humbly to repent, and come back much more guilty than they went; one way they look, another way they steer, pray to the gods, but would have morta's hear." Young was right; but it is not so with those who go to Niblo's, for there every eye is riveted on one object, every thought is in unison; one way they look, and they steer the same way as long as the pleasing scene invites their gaze. Legs and physical beauties are their idol, and night after night do they worship at this luscious shrine. Recently the New Jersey Legislature attended in a body, and since that night they have lost all regard for the interests of their constituency, and now swear by Sangalli and the "Black Crook." Let them alone.

"THE TICKET OF LEAVE MAN" was performed all last week at the New York Theatre with a good cast. It was placed upon the stage very nicely, the scenery being handsome and very appropriate. The first scene of "Bellevue Gardens" was quite pretty, the perspective being very well done indeed. The Broker's office, in the third act, was also nicely put on the stage, as was the Wine Cellar, in the fourth act. The piece was strongly cast, and, on the whole, exceedingly well acted, and certainly deserved larger audiences than were in attendance during its representation. Mr. G. H. Clarke was acceptable as Robert Brierly, although at times he lost the dialect. Lewis Baker was very good as Hawkshaw, and Humphrey Bland's Melter Moss one of the best played characters in the piece. W. L. Jamison made as villainous a Tiger as the piece called for, and Mark Smith was happy as Gibson. Mr. Gomersal's Green Jones was a little overdone. Mrs. Gomersal looked and acted charmingly as May Edwards, while Marie Wilkins, as Mrs. Willoughby, and Mrs. W. L. Jamison, as Emily St. Evremond, were good. Anna Yeamans' Sam Willoughby was decidedly one of the best rendered *roles* in the piece, and certainly the best Sam that has been seen in this city. This lady possesses considerable talent, and only requires an opportunity to show it. In "Cendrillon" she had very little to do, but did that little well. In the "Ticket of Leave Man," as Sam, she was just in her element, and she gave one of, if not the best, renditions of the gay, rollicking, fast young men that we have yet seen.

IF YOU WANT to pass two hours very pleasantly drop in to Tony Pastor's Opera House in the Bowery, directly opposite Spring street, and you will be sure of getting your money's worth and coming away delighted. Tony manages to give one of the best variety shows seen in this city, and all who go once are sure of doing so "some more." In addition to the regular variety entertainment, a farce is given every evening with Geo. W. Thompson, T. G. Riggs, Mr. and Mrs. G. F. McDonald, and the full strength of the company in the cast. The afterpiece last week was "Shan Mac Collum," which was very neatly played by the company. This week another one of John F. Poole's dramatic effusions called "The New York Volunteers; or, The Last of Libby Prison" is to be brought out. During the action of the piece a full brass band will appear on the stage to heighten the effect. Three matinees will also take place this week. The first on Wednesday, the second on Friday, Washington's Birthday, and the last on Saturday. On Monday afternoon of next week comes off the grand complimentary benefit to Mrs. James Connor.

CROWDED AUDIENCES nightly listen to the plaintive ballads, the comic singing and funnyisms of Kelly & Leon's Minstrels. Every night last week the house was crowded, and camp stools were placed in the aisles, and it must have put some of the performers in mind of old times, to have the pleasure of playing to not only so large crowds, but to such enthusiastic ones. In the olio business, Nelse Seymour and Johnny Allen appeared in a "Boxing Act," and the way they did knock one another around was a caution. It created a deal of fun, keeping the audience roaring with laughter. The new song and dance of "She is as Lovely as a Rose," written by Eddy Fox, and performed by Johnny Allen, is a very good thing, and Allen does it up in good style. He was *encored* every night, and did "Nicodemus Johnson," another good song and dance. The *prima donna* act, by Leon and Kelly, was very amusing, as was Seymour and Price's "Odds and Ends," "Cinder-Leon" connuns on the bills, and is a screaming burlesque, sending the audience away every night delighted.

SAN FRANCISCO HALL is the name of a place of amusement lately opened at 53 Bowery, opposite the Old Bowery Theatre, under the management of Dan Collins, Billy Blair and Prof. Benjamin. A miscellaneous performance is given, and the style of entertainment seems to please, judging by the enthusiasm of the audience. The company engaged consists of Dick Berthelon, Prof. Benjamin, H. Clark, Miss Nellie Huntley, Miss Ogarita Barker, William Blair, M. T. Prendergast, Mast. Tommy, Dan W. Collins, T. Johnson, Mast. Buckley and Miss Clara May. It is doing a pretty good business, and next to Tony Pastor's Opera House, is a favorite resort of the Bowery boys.

AT THE NEW YORK CIRCUS one of the finest acrobatic performances ever witnessed in this city has been presented during the past week in a new act by W. Conrad and the Levantine Brothers, entitled "Les Trois Athlete." It has been received with unusual demonstrations of applause on every occasion. Billy Conrad has also introduced a performing dog, rejoicing in the name of "Knibbs," that is really a wonderful animal. The juveniles go into ecstasies over his feats. This week the "Sprite of the Silver Shower" is produced, with new and splendid dresses and properties, Mr. James E. Cooke as the Sprite. The circus is doing an excellent business and with a continual succession of novelties in the way of new acts can hardly fail to do otherwise. The equestrianism of M'lle De Berg continues one of the most striking attractions of the establishment. An extra *matinee* will be given this week on Friday, Washington's Birth Day, in addition to the regular Wednesday and Saturday day performances.

A BRIEF DRAMATIC SEASON commences at the Olympic this evening. "The Streets of New York" is to be revived with a most excellent cast, embracing the following people:—John K. Mortimer as Badger; W. H. Sheridan as Captain Fairweather; A. W. Fenno as Bloodgood; J. Bourdas Paul; H. H. Wallas Mark; Stuart Robson as Puffy; H. Jordan as Dan; Johnny Collins as the Bootblack; Kate Newton as Lucy; Belle Land as Alida (her first appearance in this city); Miss Harris as Mrs. Puffy; and Mrs. L. Eldridge as Mrs. Fairweather. This piece has always been very popular in this city and on each re-production has attracted good houses.

A BRILLIANT BILL was that given at Charley White's last week. Some of the most laughable and popular acts in the variety business were given, introducing the entire company. The act called "The Mutton Trial," with Charley White as the culprit, Josh Hart as the Judge, Winship as the lawyer, and Warren as the prosecutor, created roars of "laffter." A couple of youngsters called "The Broadway Boys" did a clever clog dance and a song and dance. Helene Smith executed a fancy dance, George Ideson opened his budget of comic songs, and Frank Kerns did a song and dance. The farce of "The Stage Struck Chambermaid" closed the entertainment, with Laura Le Claire in a variety of characters. This week the pantomime of "Puss in Boots" is on the bills.

THE FRISCO BOYS, who have identified themselves in minstrelsy in this city, at 585 Broadway, still keep a firm hold of the public, judging by the appearance of their hall every evening, as it is crowded full at each performance. They dish up a good bill of fare each evening, embracing some of the most popular ballads of the day, as well as hits at the times, which are served by Birch and Backus in their best style. Last week Charley Backus lamented over his "Dear Eliza," while Birch "wished to be a fly." Both of these songs seem to be popular with the public, as they are received at each rendition with great applause. Lew Brummer does a banjo solo each evening which is heartily *encored*. The burlesque of the "Black Cook" continues as popular as ever, and promises to enjoy as great a run as the original piece. This sketch, as well as that of the "Shadow Pantomime," are hailed each night with loud demonstrations of applause. This week there will be a change of programme.

THE WORRELL SISTERS close their present engagement at the Broadway Theatre this week. The same double burlesque bill which has been the attraction for the past two weeks continues the attraction for the present week. Miss Irene Worrell took her benefit on the 15th, and the house was crowded. On Friday, of this week, Jennie Worrell takes a farewell benefit, when an attractive bill will be presented. These ladies have played a very brilliant engagement in this city, and on their return here will do doubt be remembered by their many friends.

"THE CHRISTIAN MARTYRS" has been favorably received by the patrons of Barnum's Museum. Each afternoon last week, the lecture room was crowded, and the attendance in the evening was very good. The introduction of the wild animals on the stage has proved quite a feature, and they create quite an excitement among the auditors.

DAN BRYANT arrived in this city on the 13th inst., from the West. He was called here by the serious illness of his child. He remains until the 20th, when he leaves for Chicago, to play at McVicker's Theatre. In April, Mr. Bryant plays another engagement at Mrs. John Drew's Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia.

MRS. CONNOR'S BENEFIT.—This lady, well known to every professional as the widow of James Connor, the dramatic agent, takes a benefit at Tony Pastor's Opera House next Monday afternoon, the 25th inst. The affair promises to be a great success, pecuniarily and otherwise. The entire company connected with the Opera House have, without a single exception, volunteered their services; also a great many of the most versatile performers that can be found in the minstrel and variety business in this city, as well as Brooklyn. The already large and efficient orchestra now engaged at the Opera House will on this occasion be doubled, and will be under the able direction of Mr. Braham. For a programme of the entertainment, see our advertising columns.

MR. AND MRS. BURNEY WILLIAMS commence their engagement in this city, at the Broadway Theatre, on the 25th inst.

THE INTERNATIONAL AGENCY has become one of the institutions of the city with managers and actors. Messrs. Corbyn & Wall first hit the mark when they opened this agency. All last week they had just as much as they could conveniently attend to, and what seems to make them so popular with parties who have business to transact with agencies, is the fact that they do not demand any booking fee. They do not ask any remuneration for what they do not perform. In this week's issue will be found a number of advertisements from this firm.

NOTWITHSTANDING the firm of Connor & Co. has lost its head, the business is still carried on by the widow, and managers and actors can depend upon it that the business is equally as well attended to now as before. Having had considerable experience in the business as well as an extensive acquaintance with the profession, Mrs. Connor is every way competent to attend to the wants of professionals. She already has many managers and performers on her books, and all who entrust their business with Mrs. Connor will no doubt be satisfied with the result. Among our theatrical advertisements will be found a number from this lady to which we call the attention of all interested.

THE JAPANESE TROUPE of gymnasts, acrobats and jugglers that left San Francisco, Cal., by the steamer, of Jan. 30th, are expected to arrive in this city by the next steamer which is due on the 10th or 20th. They are under engagement to Dick Risley and Thomas Maguire, both of whom are with them. Mr. Marshall, the advance agent for Mr. Maguire, has been in the city for a couple of weeks looking around for a place to play. It is probable that the party will appear at the Fourteenth Street Circus establishment, and a more suitable place could not be selected. The building has the advantage of height that no other establishment has in the city, and that is just what is needed for several of their principal acts. If they do play at the circus they will make their *debut* before the close of the present month.

EDWIN BOOTH closes his present engagement at the Winter Garden early in April. It is thought that the "Merchant of Venice" will nearly fill up Mr. Booth's time. Mr. John Brougham will succeed Mr. Booth, commencing a summer season.

R. D'ORSEY OGDEN, of Richmond, Va., Theatre notoriety, is in town, having seceded from the Academy of Music, Albany, N.Y.

BOGUMIL DAWISON commences a limited engagement at the Stadt Theatre in the Bowery next week.

JENNY LANDESMANN, who arrived from California by the last steamer, will shortly sail for Europe to complete her musical studies.

MR. AND MRS. CLAUDE HAMILTON do not sail for England until the 20th inst. They were to have left on the 16th, but the steamer, Virginia, was behind time on her last trip from Liverpool.

VALENTINE VOUSDEN has closed his entertainments at Clinton Hall.

HATTIE DE LEE, at present in this city, leaves for the Southwest, on the 25th inst. to play star engagements.

LADY DON, widow of the late Sir Wm. Don, who appeared in this country just seventeen years ago, makes her *debut* in this city, at the New York Theatre, this evening, as Peggy Green, in a comic drama of that name, and as the Earl of Leicester, in the burlesque of "Kenilworth." In the first piece, Lady Don will sing "Meet me by Moonlight," "Home, Sweet Home," and other songs. In the burlesque she will introduce the celebrated "Garter Song" and "Good Bye Sweetheart." Lady Don has, for a number of years, spent her time in the Australian theatres, where she was highly successful as a burlesque actress and vocalist, winning fame wherever she went. She lately arrived from California, where she also played a lucrative engagement. Lady Don will be supported by James Dunn and the full company.

THE ATLANTIC YACHT RACE is to be one of the principal features in this week's programme at the Fifth Avenue Minstrel Hall. M. Carlo Fornesi, said to be a clever harpist, puts in an appearance this evening. Among the many acts in the bill are George Christy as "Handy Andy," in which he is very funny, and R. Hughes in his song and dance of "Old Virginny Extract."

HARRY LAWRENCE, a young man favorably known in the profession as advance agent, died, very suddenly, in this city, on the 11th inst. Last season he traveled with Thompson & Co.'s Hippocolosiculum. He was very gentlemanly in all his business relations, and his loss will be felt by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. His father took his body East.

MORA and his newly-fledged Italian opera troupe had a tough time of it during their opening week at the French Theatre, and it is quite doubtful if the concern will long survive. We last week made his principal singer an Alfrie vocalist. Altieri it should have been.

THE SHADOW PANTOMIME of "Mother Goose," with all the fixings for a regular miniature theatre, just the thing to please the little ones and big ones too, for that matter, may be procured of Thos. Yates, as per advertisement.

"OURS," with a variety of English and American plays, together with parlor fireworks, etc., are advertised for sale in their appropriate columns.

MR. EDMONDS and wife (lately Miss Gass) arrived in this city on the 18th inst., having come overland. Mr. and Mrs. Fred. Franks, who also left California with them, stopped over at Chicago.

"A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY," as advertisement in another column states it, is offered to any one who wishes to become half partner of a traveling entertainment, of which the expenses are light.

DAVIS & CO'S THEATRICAL AGENCY can be found at 497 Broadway, where managers and performers can be accommodated at the shortest notice. Messrs. Davis & Co. pay particular attention to parties who wish to make their *debut* on the stage, securing for them, at the earliest opportunity, an opening. A number of their advertisements will be found in our columns this week.

THE ACKNOWLEDGED AGENTS for A. M. Hernandez, Kate Fisher, Kate Pennoyer, as well as many others in the profession, are Messrs. Rivers & Co., the dramatic agents, who are to be found at 25 West Houston street, this city. This firm state that they are prepared to furnish Side-showmen with just the kind of talent required by them, and as the tenting season is near at hand, managers should make a note of it.

Dramatic.

AT SALT LAKE CITY, "Jessie Brown" was the attraction at last accounts. Miss Adams played Jessie Brown. Messrs. McKenzie, Lindsay, Dunbar, Maiben, Hardie and Graham were in the cast. The performance was for the benefit of the ladies of the company. The theatre closed Jan. 19th. This terminated the longest theatrical season which the Mormons have yet enjoyed, the theatre having been open without recess since last June.

GOING NORTH.—Messrs. McKenzie, Lindsay, Margetts, Maiben, Miss Adams and others lately connected with the company at the theatre, Salt Lake City, intended starting on a traveling tour through some of the northern cities and settlements, with J. A. Thompson as business agent.

G. W. HARRISON, late of Waller's Opera House, Newark, N. J., joined DR. WILSON'S dramatic company last week.

KATE REIGNOLDS was at the Vicksburg, (Miss.) Theatre last week.

MURRAY AND BLAKE'S DRAMATIC COMPANY were at Grand Rapids, Mich., all last week. "Moll Pitcher" was produced on the 11th. The company consists of J. D. Wood, A. S. Casper, J. M. Murray, O. W. Blake, A. De Vernon, W. Stephens, John Murray, A. S. Dean, H. Mackey, Mrs. O. W. Blake, Miss Lottie Murray, and Miss Jessie Howard.

A. S. WILSON'S DRAMATIC COMPANY was at Grand Rapids, Mich., on the 11th inst. "Damon and Pythias" was performed, with R. S. Meldrum as Damon; Thad P. Varney as Pythias; Annie Morgan Davis as Calanthe, and Miss Gifford as Hermion.

GOLDEN'S COMPANY was in Henderson, Ky., last week, and did a good business. J. Wesley Hill was the star, receiving good support from Bella Golden, Messrs. Golden, Voltz, Greerson, Morrison and Melville. On the 4th inst., "Peep O'Day" was performed. J. W. Hill does not go to England in June, as he intended, being engaged as a stock star for the season by Manager Golden.

"THE FENIAN'S OATH," which, as its title indicates, is of a thrilling character, may be procured of the author, W. B. Cavanagh, as per advertisement in another column.

AT THE VARIETIES THEATRE, New Orleans, La., A. H. Davenport took a benefit on the 9th inst., at which Miss Lucille Western appeared. Miss Maggie Mitchell was still the star there at last advices, appearing as Fanchon on the 8th inst. "The Spy of St. Marc," "Little Barefoot," and "The Pearl of Savoy," were announced as in rehearsal. In our advertising columns will be found a card from Manager W. R. Floyd, offering engagements to ladies and gentlemen of first-class ability for the season of 1867-8.

MISS HATTIE DE LEE, a very pretty and pleasing young actress, has been engaged for the Vicksburg Theatre, and will open there on the 4th of March for two weeks.

THE MONTGOMERY THEATRE, Alabama, which is claimed to be one of the most complete dramatic temples in the South, may now be rented by the day or week, as will be seen by advertisement.

A LEADING MAN is wanted by Manager Sinn for the balance of the season for the New Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa. See advertisement.

"CENDRILLON" IN PHILADELPHIA.—We find the following in the Philadelphia *Sunday Times*, of the 10th inst.:—"An impression having gone abroad that Miss Sallie Hinckley has been engaged to produce 'Cendrillon' at the Chestnut in the spring, we are requested by the MANAGER SINN to contradict the report, first circulated by the NEW YORK CLIPPER. His arrangements for April are of a much higher character than the production of a spectacle chiefly noticeable for the scarcity of drapery in the *corps de ballet*. This sort of display may do very well in New York, but is not considered wholesome in the atmosphere of Philadelphia." In reply to which—and notwithstanding the alleged request of Manager Sinn to have the report contradicted—we here assert that Mr. Sinn came to New York in reference to "Cendrillon;" that he had an interview with Miss Hinckley on the subject of producing the play at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia; that the agreement was so far made, verbally, that Miss Hinckley should bring out the spectacle for Manager Sinn early in April; and that everything was rosy until the gentleman returned home, when, on making out a contract, a split occurred in relation to an extra machinist, involving an outlay of $25 or $30 per week; and the parties not being able to come to terms on that point, the whole affair fell through. The remark that Mr. Sinn's arrangements for April are of a much higher character than the style of pieces now so popular in New York, may *sound* all right and proper, but permit us to say that in no city in the Union would the "Naked Drama" be more acceptable than in the Quaker City, and that no manager would produce such spectacles with more readiness than Manager Sinn. If the gentleman could secure the "Black Crook" for his theatre, with the troupe now performing at Niblo's, he would jump at the chance, and the Philadelphians would vote him a service of silver for his services in giving them such a gorgeous display of legs and other female charms.

M'LLE AUGUSTA opens at Rochester on the 18th inst. Meech, of the Metropolitan, has engaged her for four weeks in Rochester and four in Detroit, and she goes thence to Buffalo. Meech takes the "Black Crook," scenery, &c., with him to open with. Augusta leads the ballet.

PROF. SILVESTER, the inventor of the "Sphynx," "Shadow Pantomime," and other spectral illusions, has invented another called "The Enchanted Canopy," which is now being exhibited by him at the Philharmonic Hall, Islington, London, Eng. Parties wishing to negotiate with the professor should read his card in our advertising columns.

FRANK S. FINN is at present engaged re-arranging and reading a scenic three act drama, written by his father, and which is said to be not only a finely written play, but gives scope for fine acting, scenery and varied costumes. Mr. Finn intends to introduce chances for a ballet and marches. He expects to have it ready to offer copies to managers early in April, and Mr. Finn expects to return to the stage to appear in it.

BLANCHE DE BAR continued the star at the New Memphis Theatre at last advices. Our correspondent, under date of Feb. 10th, says:—"She made her fourth appearance last night (9th) in the drama of 'The Female Gambler.' Miss De Bar is a young and pretty actress. Her performance of the character was natural and affecting. On the 10th she took her benefit, when she acquitted herself with ability before a large and very fashionable audience. The performance consisted of 'The Unequal Match,' and the 'Honeymoon.'"

CHARLES DE LACY, of San Francisco, Cal., has written a play for Miss Alice Kingsbury, entitled "Ruth Welden," or "Lost and Found." It is in four acts with a prologue. "The Wager," an original play in four acts by Charles de Lacy and Marcus R. Mayer; also, a new dramatization of Dickens' novel of "Our Mutual Friend," by the same parties, will shortly be produced at Maguire's Opera House, in that city.

THE PITTSBURGH, PA., THEATRE was to close its season on the 16th inst., although they did a good business with "Cherry and Fair Star" all last week. The theatre may now be rented by traveling companies. The management contemplates removing the company to the Varieties, so that they can combine black business with the regular, which they cannot do in the theatre. The Varieties has been refitted and redecorated, and great preparations are being made for the opening.

RISTORI appears in Troy, at the Griswold Opera House, April 18th. The tickets have been put at $3.

MRS. VIRGINIA RICHMOND DE BERGER, juvenile lady of Martin Golden's company, left Evansville, Ind., on the 12th, for Owensborough and Bowling Green, Ky., to play there one week; after which she visits Baltimore, and from thence comes to this city, where she first made her *debut* two years ago, and where she resided several years.

BELLE BOYD, the "Confederate Spy," came a passenger by the steamship Moravian, from England, to Portland, Me., on the 16th inst.

NEW ORLEANS THEATRICALS up to last advices (according to our correspondent's report) have been pretty brisk. Writing under date of Feb. 10th, he says:—"The favorite young actress, Maggie Mitchell, commenced an engagement at the Varieties Theatre on the 4th inst., in her famous impersonation of Fanchon. It would be utterly superfluous to descant upon the many exquisite beauties of her performance of this character, as everybody in the country has seen her play it. She was efficiently seconded in her efforts by Mr. J. W. Collier, favorably known in your city as a careful and studious artist, in the character of Landry. The rest of the *dramatis personæ* were discreetly distributed. The piece run all the week to crowded houses. To-night (10th) A. H. Davenport, better known in this city as 'our Dolly,' takes his benefit. Miss Lucille Western, who is still here, loth to depart from her native city, has kindly consented to appear as Thisbe, in the 'Actress of Padua.' Sig. Carlo Patti will next execute some fantasias on the violin, after which 'Naval Engagements' will be played to terminate the evening's entertainment. Every seat in the house is already taken. To-morrow evening 'Fanchon' will again be on the bills, and continue there as long as the public demands it.....Vestvali opened at the St. Charles on the 4th instant, as Angelo, in 'Bel Demonio,' in which she created a decided sensation. On the 5th and 6th the same piece was played to delighted audiences. On the 7th she appeared as Romeo, and on the 8th and 9th as Gamea, which had never been produced here before. To-night she appears as Lagardere, in the 'Duke's Motto.' She will be supported by E. L. Tilton.....Sig. Ronconi's Opera Troupe, I venture to say, is in its last nights at the Opera House. They gave the opera of 'Ione' in magnificent style on the 8th and 9th. To-night the dramatic company play Paul Féval's drama of the 'Duke's Motto.' Adelaide Ristori arrived in our city last night. She is to commence an engagement at the Opera House on the 14th inst., in 'Medea.'.....After much talk we are at last to have an Opera House in Canal street. Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars have already been subscribed, and it is expected to have it built and in working order by next fall. The parties who have the enterprise in hand propose to make it the most beautiful place of the kind on this continent. Manager Grau has already declared his willingness to take a lease of it, and bring out next season the best musical talent that can be found in Europe or anywhere else. Among others, he proposes to bring out Cerca, who is considered to be the best tenor in Europe. But of all this more hereafter.....At the National there has been nothing remarkable, excepting the termination of Miss Ottille Genee's successful engagement. This week several of the stock will take their benefits.....The Olympic and the Academy, to use a sporting phrase, continue to run neck and neck, and there is no abatement to the enthusiasm which prevails among the audiences at these houses every night. At the latter place several new faces will be introduced to-morrow evening, including Harry Macarthy, Lottie Estelle and the Rollande Brothers."

AT WALLER'S OPERA HOUSE, NEWARK, N. J., in obedience to the public desire, the operatic drama of "Guy Mannering" was repeated on the 11th and 12th inst., with Mrs. Emma Waller as Meg Merrilies, who was welcomed back to the boards by delighted and appreciative audiences. Our correspondent says: "Meg Merrilies is one, if not the greatest of Mrs. Waller's impersonations. She is a lady of remarkable theatrical talent, and her acting of this *role* was immense. The identification of herself with the part was so complete that every word and thought were invested with a double interest. She was admirably supported by the stock company, who are worthy of commendation for the manner in which they rendered the different characters entrusted to them. The choruses were rendered in fine style. F. A. Gossin, as Dandie Dinmont, was excellent; Dominie Sampson could not have been in better hands than those of Mr. W. D. Shiels; Mr. Higgins' Dirk Hatterick was also good; Colonel Mannering, as given by Mr. W. C. Coleman, was not a satisfactory performance. He was too boisterous and talks too fast. Messrs. Barrett, Morton and Maxwell were good in their respective characters. Viola Barrett's Julia was finely rendered. Her singing in the second act was really good. Viola is fast becoming a favorite, as has been nightly evinced in the applause which greets her entrance upon the stage. Miss Alice Cole's Lucy, and Viola Plunket's Flora, were good; Lizzie Hardy's Mistress McCanlish was excellent, and she ably fills the place of Mrs. Le Brun, whose engagement expired on the 7th inst. 'Waiting for the Verdict' was produced on the 13th and 14th to good houses, with Mrs. Waller, Viola Barrett, Viola Plunket and Messrs. Gossin, Barrett, Shiels, Morton and Higgins, in the prominent parts. Mrs. Waller's Martha Roseblade was grand, and her enunciation so distinct that not a syllable was lost to the most remote auditor. F. A. Gossin's Jasper Roseblade was ably rendered, and reflected credit upon this capable, painstaking, rising young actor. Mr. Higgins nobly acquitted himself as Jonas Hundle. To-night (15th), by request, the 'Octoroon' will be performed. On the 18th, 'Griffith Gaunt' will be produced, with new scenery, costumes and mechanical effects."

WASHINGTON is a name revered by every American, and which will be remembered as long as the English language is spoken, but the Washington that comes within the province of the CLIPPER is the city which is known for its magnificent distances, its exceedingly muddy streets on a wet day, or horribly dusty ones on a dry day, as well as its wide avenue. Our correspondent, writing from thence on Feb. 15th, says:—"At the National Theatre 'Adrienne, the Actress,' enjoyed a repetition on the occasion of Mrs. Lander's first benefit, which occurred on the 8th inst. The night was very stormy, and a very small audience was in attendance. At the close of the play Mr. H. S. Murdoch recited the poem 'The Widow's Son.' 'Medea' and the farce of the 'Rough Diamond' made up the bill on the 9th. Mrs. Lander inaugurated her second and last week by appearing as Peg Woffington in 'Masks and Faces

MANAGER GRAU IN TROUBLE.—During the late engagement of Ristori at De Bar's Opera House, St. Louis, Grau got himself into a little difficulty. At the end of the second act, during a Ristori night, the curtain was a great while rising. Though the boys in the pit cried "pull it up," and "show your head, old Rist;" though the old bummers went out and took a second drink and the orchestra man looked troubled and struck up a second tune, and the women whispered and bustled round to know the cause, yet all in vain; the curtain wouldn't rise. It didn't even move; only a supe peeked out through one of the "peek-holes" to somebody in the pit and showed his teeth, whereat a deafening yell arose "to pull up the curtain." Well, what was the matter? Why, Mr. Grau, the manager, had got the editor of the *Western Stage* to publish in his columns some extracts from the Chicago papers, and for so doing Mr. Editor brought in a bill of $127. "I knows noting bout your leetle bill," indignantly exclaims Grau, "and I vill no pays such bill. I no tells you to publish dash. I gets my publishin for noting." "Ah, ah" replies the editor, "we'll see about that," and therefore he issues a writ and attaches the Italian *artiste's* wardrobe for the third act while she was playing the second. Our readers can imagine how the indignant dictator of Medea's frenzy, Mary Stuart's anger, and Elizabeth's temper looked when she entered her dressing-room and found her "store clothes" for the next act in the possession of a sheriff, who sat upon Lady Macbeth's skirt and basque and held her waterfall in his hand, while he was smoking his meerschaum complacently. She motioned to him to move but he wouldn't stir; she shouted in the language of sunny Italy and flashed her black eyes like poinards in the dark on him. But he only laughed. Of course Grau was indignant, but he paid up, or gave security and settled the matter—so the play went on, tho' very late.

MAY HOWARD, late of the St. Louis, Mo., theatres, is in Omaha, with John S. Potter's dramatic forces.

F. S. CHANFRAU is at Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati, Ohio, this week.

A WOMAN BECOMES INSANE WHILE WITNESSING A PLAY.—A dramatic performance was given on the 13th inst. at Bellevue Hall, East Saginaw, Mich., by the German amateurs of that place, with Schoen, the German actor, of Toledo, Ohio, who sustained the character of Percival in the drama of Griseldis, and Mrs. Guhlen, of Cincinnati, personated Griseldis. An exchange says: "The play was very affecting, and many eyes were wet in the audience at the conclusion of the play. Among those present was one newly made wife; she was sensibly affected at the performance, and remained weeping in her seat after the greater portion of the audience had gone. Whether the incidents portrayed in the drama were prototypes of her own sufferings can not be told, but certain it is that when she was taken home reason had forsaken her, and she talked incoherently of her past life, of her first husband and adopted child, together with the Percival and Griseldis of the drama. Several physicians have visited her, but shake their heads thoughtfully as they pronounce it insanity. The woman's history is well known in East Saginaw. For a number of years she has lived here as the wife of a German, but some weeks since a separation was effected, and about two weeks ago she married another man. The poor woman is thoroughly crazed; she will attend to none of her usual duties, not even to her own comfort. The sad story of Griseldis, and the cruelty of Percival, as she saw them on the mimic stage, have apparently driven away her reason."

MR. F. BOCK, of McVicker's Company, Chicago, Ill., assisted by a company, gave a performance of "Willow Copse" on Sunday evening, the 11th inst., at the Stadt Theatre, Chicago. "Belphegor" was announced for last Sunday evening, with Mr. Bock in the title *role*.

THE WEBB SISTERS continue the stars at the Holiday Street Theatre, Baltimore, Md. They opened in "Fanchon" on the 11th inst., and Ada, as the Cricket, promises to become as great a favorite in the part as the artless and bewitching Maggie Mitchell. A correspondent says: "It is generally conceded that Miss Maggie Mitchell is the best Fanchon now upon the boards, but I would, with all due deference to her exalted talents, suggest that Miss Ada Webb is a most formidable rival in the character, and so popular has she become in the part, that the honors are, as it were, fairly divided, at least in the opinion of Baltimoreans, between her and Miss Mitchell. Her rendition of the *role* is a most splendid piece of natural, unaffected and artless acting, partaking so much of wholesome reality, without stage mannerism and stage effect, as to be most refreshing in this modern age of theatrical 'stuff' which has become so popular, unfortunately, with too many of the profession. The Landry of Mr. Garrison was also most creditable, although overacted to some extent. On the 15th the Sisters took a benefit. 'Fanchon' was repeated to a crowded house."

OUR MILWAUKEE, Wis., correspondent, writing on the 14th inst, says:—"After to-night the theatre in this city will be numbered among the things that were. Owing to several reasons the manager has been compelled to close the Academy, and I think it will remain closed for some time. The principal reasons for closing was his want of patronage and being unable to keep up a succession of stars. The company, for some time past, has been far below mediocrity. Few pieces were put up and played acceptably, old and worn out scenery, and at times so much noise and confusion back of the curtain, that it was impossible to hear the actor speak, in consequence of which there has been but a meagre attendance. A *good* manager with a *good* company, would, I have no doubt, be well patronized. The company, with Susan Denin, opens in Madison on the 16th. The complimentary testimonial extended Mr. Wallace on the 8th inst, proved a decided success. The house was filled by an enthusiastic audience. The pieces (for a wonder) were played in excellent style. Mr. Wallace kept the audience in the best of humor. The Hager Brothers (of this city), volunteered, and did up a neat double clog dance. Messrs. Duncan, Mills, Wood, Franklin, Toohey, and the Misses Putnam and Stewart played their respective parts in a most praiseworthy manner. Mr. Holland and Miss Bidelman were unsatisfactory in their *roles*. Mr. Duncan took a benefit on the 12th, with the 'Orphan of Geneva,' Double Clog by the Hager Brothers, and a farce. He had a good house, and the pieces passed off in good style. Mr. Wallace has severed his engagement with Mr. Mills and gone to Chicago."

"THE BELLS OF SHANNON," Dan Bryant's new Irish drama, was produced, for the first time, on Feb. 8th, at the Metropolitan Theatre, Indianapolis. Our correspondent says:—"Mr. Bryant impersonated Larry O'Leary, a reduced country squire, with his well known ability. He was well supported by Messrs. Wentworth, Rodney, Wallack, Lord and Sid. Smith. Miss Charlotte Adams, our new leading lady, made her *debut* and favorably impressed the audience in the character of Norah. Miss Adams is a pleasing actress, has a good form, and plays with that *abandon* which delights all; while Little Mac, as Ragged Mickey, and in his 'Essence' took the house by storm. Dan Bryant left for New York on the 11th. Little Mac stops here until Dan opens in Chicago. He returns to play one week in this city, March 18th.....Mollie Williams and Felix A. Vincent, great favorites here, opened a two weeks' engagement on the 11th, in the 'French Spy,' and 'Sketches in India.' On the 12th 'Asmodeus;' 13th 'Satan in Paris;' 14th 'Irishman's Heart' and 'Mischievous Letty.' To-morrow night (15th) Mollie takes a benefit. Mollie plays well, sings and dances admirably. Mr. Daniel Baudmann succeeds this couple on the 25th.....W. H. Riley goes starring at the terminus of his lease of the Metropolitan in May."

OF AMUSEMENTS in some of the principal cities in the South our old correspondent "Landry," who has been traveling through that section of the country, sends us the following communication dated Nashville, Feb. 13th. He says:—"Having just returned, after a long absence in Georgia, to our City of Rocks, I was surprised to learn that during my absence nothing had been going on in the way of amusements but an occasional concert or minstrel troupe. But Georgia is behind as well as this part of Tennessee in that respect. Atlanta, though boasting a magnificent 'Temple of the Drama,' is as quiet as if every day was a Sunday. Columbus has had a circus or two to relieve the monotony which is reigning there. Augusta has had a theatrical company for two weeks, and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Watkins, in their parlor entertainments, for the same length of time. Savannah has stood a pretty good season of two months, but this was owing to the excellence of the company (Manager Flynn's, of this city,) which played there during that time. The same company are now playing in Macon to excellent 'biz,' as this latter city has been without amusements of any shape during the winter season..... The old Nashville Theatre will be reopened on the 14th inst. by the old veteran manager, Sam Simons, of 'Buffalo Hunt' repute, under the name and style of the Adelphi, with the late Louisville company and several additions. The company is composed of the following ladies and gentlemen:—O. B. Doud, leading man; J. F. Jamison, juvenile; F. L. Keller, stage manager and first heavy; H. H. Pratt, comedian; G. L. Stout, first old man, and Messrs. Snyder, Watson, Stanley, Quilligan and Rhea, utility; Miss Augusta Dargus, leading lady; Miss Joey Booth, first walking lady; Mrs. R. Cantor, old woman; Miss A. Sheffield, *danseuse*, and the Misses M. Bernard and A. Corrall. The opening piece will be 'Camille,' with Miss Dora Shaw as the star. The management has a good line of stars engaged, who will appear in rapid succession. This being the only place of amusement open in the city, and Miss Shaw being an old Nashville favorite, no doubt the house will be crowded during her engagement."

CINCINNATI THEATRICALS are spoken of by our correspondent, "Agate," under date of Feb. 13th, as follows:—"At the National, Miss Melville made quite a hit in 'Fanchon' on her opening night, and although there was a small house, it saw an enthusiastic one. Every night the attendance has increased. Mr. Forbes, the stage manager, still remains sick, and the stage is now under the direction of Mr. Billy, who performs the double duty of managing the stage and prompting. Miss Melville appears to-night in the 'Pearl of Savoy.'.....Mr. Daniel E. Bandmann appeared on the 11th, at Wood's Theatre, in 'Narcisse.' A full house greeted his appearance, and at different times he received rounds of applause, but what it was for I know not. He is not a good reader, although in his scene with the image he read better than before or after. His voice is like Vestvali's, and in the passionate speeches fails him, and he almost gets up to a howl. Many of his speeches he speaks too fast, which are scarcely intelligible. In his last scene with the Pompadour, (Miss Phillips), when he throws her off after hearing that she is the mistress of the king, he makes a beautiful failure; he keeps his eyes on the floor instead of the Pompadour, and delivers his speech in such a shrieking tone that his words are unintelligible to the audience. To-night he does 'Destiny,' and on the 15th 'Hamlet'.....The Theatre Comique is in a flourishing condition, and picking up an excellent business. Miss Eloise Bridges has severed her connection with this theatre. There is no leading lady now, though the management are trying their best to get one suitable to the place. In the meantime Miss Nellie Johnson is doing the 'biz.' Mr. Lingham has also left, and Mr. Wm. Foster is added to the company, as has also Mr. Wm. Scallan, who left the National. The Comique is now two of the best comedians in the West, Scallan and Everett."

SUSAN DENIN has leased the Opera House at St. Paul, Minn., for six months, from the 1st of May.

DORA SHAW played two nights at the Academy of Music, Louisville, Ky., last week. She commenced on the 11th, in "Camille," which was repeated the second night. Miss Shaw and company then left for Nashville, Tenn.

THE COMPANY lately performing at the Academy of Music, Louisville, Ky., opened in Madison, Wis., on the 11th inst.

LOTTA is the current attraction at De Bar's Opera House, St. Louis, Mo.

JOHANNA CLAUSSEN continues the star at the Olympic, St. Louis, Mo. Her business last week is reported as having been pretty good.

MCKEAN BUCHANAN and troupe appeared at the Opera House, Columbus, Ohio, on the 11th, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

DEERING HALL, Portland, Me., is still occupied by S. E. Browne and Bidwell's dramatic company. "Cinderella" has been produced with success. Dolly Bidwell is the chief attraction in the spectacle.

JOSEPH T. FANNIN, said to be a good and reliable leading man, and Mrs. Annie Fannin, who is also favorably spoken of as singing chambermaid, can be secured for the Spring and Summer season. For their address, see advertisement elsewhere.

LEO HUDSON took her leave of Troy, N. Y., on the 16th inst., after having played for a fortnight to good houses. Our correspondent "Mose," says:—"Miss Hudson was very little known here prior to this engagement. During her brief stay here, however, she succeeded in making a favorable impression, and will hereafter be a welcome guest. The Olympic Theatre Company open on the 18th, at the Opera House, producing the 'Long Strike.'"

THE NEW THEATRE IN BOSTON, MASS.—Ground was broken for this new temple of amusement on the 14th inst. It is to be owned exclusively by Mr. Dexter H. Follett and Mr. Arthur Cheney, and is to be called Selwyn's Theatre, after its manager, Mr. J. H. Selwyn, who is to have sole management of the stage. Charles Koppitz has been secured as leader of the orchestra, and George Heister as scenic artist.

"THE STREETS OF NEW YORK" crowded the Boston Theatre every night last week. This drama keeps the stage the current week.

"COLUMBUS," the new six act historical drama, was produced at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, on the 11th inst. The play is said to be rather a tedious one. Its language is well written, and its whole tone elevated and refined; but it depends entirely upon its historical character for interest, being as little of a drama as the biography of Elizabeth in which Ristori appears; and there are few opportunities for good acting, while the situations which attempt to be striking are rather absurd. It was withdrawn after the third performance.

"GRIFFITH GAUNT" was produced at the Opera House, Rochester, N. Y., on the 11th inst., Miss Mary Mitchell and Mr. J. W. Albaugh being especially engaged for the parts of Kate Peyton and Griffith Gaunt. Our correspondent says:—"The play was a success, and ran through the week to good houses. Evelyn Evans played Tom Leicester. Fanny Prestige was a feature of the piece. Miss Mary Montalba has suddenly left to join Carnier and Wilson's Broadway company. On the 18th Manager Bayliss is to produce the 'Black Crook,' with all the scenery and effects which has attended its production in other cities. The piece is produced under the management of L. M. Bayliss, who is sole lessee and proprietor of the Opera House."

Negro Minstrelsy.

LLOYD & BIDAUX'S MINSTRELS gave two performances in Troy, N. Y., at Rand's Hall, on the 13th and 14th, and, says "Mose," on both evenings people were turned from the doors unable to gain admittance. Our correspondent adds:—"This is the first time the present organization has visited our city, although the voice of almost every performer was familiar to the ears of the audience. The combination is a strong one, and nearer perfection as a first class minstrel troupe than any other organization I have yet seen. The programme was an excellent one, and was distinguished throughout by originality and taste. Their jokes and burlesques, while laughable and unique, were marred by no vulgarity. In the first part, fourteen members appear on the stage neatly attired in broadcloth coats and pants, white vests and kids and patent leather boots, which of course makes them look as gay as peacocks. Charley Reynolds is on the bone end, with Cal Wagner on the tamborine end. They are both good performers. Charley Reynolds' quaint manner, eccentric humor and broad, irresistible fun, kept his auditors in roars of laughter. Mr. J. B. Murphy is a first class middle man and fully understands his business. The quartet comprises the following heavy weights:—Gustave Bidaux, M. Ainsley Scott, J. B. Murphy and Jackson. Ainsley Scott was *encored* in his songs. Gustave Bidaux, always reliable and ever welcome, sang with his usual spirit and unequaled finish. It is needless to say that he elicited unqualified admiration. Harry Stanwood gave us a good banjo solo, and last, though not least, the clog dancers Delehanty and Hengler gave several new steps. They are the best matched clog dancers I ever witnessed. They were deservedly *encored*. The whole performance concluded with the 'Shadow Pantomime,' which, it is needless to say, contributed much to the completeness and enjoyment of the entertainment."

SKIFF AND GAYLORD'S MINSTRELS gave a show to a crowded house at Arcade Hall, Lockport, N. Y., on the 15th inst. Our correspondent says:—"The ends were well kept up. Crosher's 'Little Maud' was applauded so as to be repeated twice. Hugh Dougherty and Low Gaylord brought down the house. Hugh was advertised to speak his piece at 9:30. How are you 'Demon Dance!' There was but one thing that was objectionable on the bill, and that was 'The Trials of a Boarder,' *alias* 'The Mischievous Monkey.' I think it about time that it should be 'played out.'"

THE STYLE OF ENTERTAINMENT given at Hooley's Minstrel Hall, Brooklyn, seems to please the patrons. Instead of the regular first part of minstrelsy, a pantomime is given, with A. M. Hernandez in the principal *role*, supported by Archy Hughes, G. W. Charles and the company. Mr. Hernandez is a very clever pantomimist, and quite a favorite with the audience. His guitar solo is a pleasing act. Johnny Queen does a song and dance called "My father sowld charcoal." We never saw the act before, but it is a screaming one. Johnny Queen invests it with considerable humor, and his peculiar walk after each verse of the song sets the audience in roars of laughter. Archy Hughes and Johnny Queen also do "Mrs. McGowan's Reel" in true Corkonian style. The "Black Crook" burlesque continues on the bills this week.

LLOYD AND BIDAUX'S MINSTRELS appear in Oswego, N. Y., on the 21st and 22d.

SHARPLEY AND SKIFF'S MINSTRELS did a big business through New Jersey all last week. They commenced at Trenton on the 11th, and crowded Bechtel Hall. The following two nights they played at New Brunswick, and the hall was too small to hold the crowds that put in an appearance to witness the performances. On the 14th Elizabeth was visited, and notwithstanding the night was a very stormy one, the boys were received by a good house. They closed the last two nights of the week at Newark, and, in spite of a heavy rain, Library Hall was filled. In fact the business was so good at Elizabeth and Newark, that they revisit these towns next week. This week they are at Orange, Paterson, Harlem, and close the week in Morrisania. Mr. Sharpley, notwithstanding reports to the contrary, appears with the party every night.

LLOYD & BIDAUX'S MINSTRELS.—The report from this company is that "the work goes bravely on." "Crowded houses" and "enthusiastic audiences" have become household words with them. As a sample of what they are thought of, we quote from the *Press*, of Troy, under date of Feb. 14th: "One of the largest audiences we ever saw in Rand's Hall, was in attendance last night to witness the opening performance of Col. Lloyd's new minstrel band, and never has any company visited us who have given such universal satisfaction. Every song and act rendered received the most unequivocal endorsement of all present. The entertainment throughout was certainly the best minstrel performance ever given in Troy, and fully justified the most glowing accounts with which this company have been favored by our contemporaries in other cities where they have appeared. The comedians, Charley Reynolds, happy Cal. Wagner, Johnny Booker and Stanwood, are all well known and justly popular, and in their several specialties last evening were intensely funny. The singing of Gustave Bidaux and M. Ainsley Scott was superb, while the beautiful ballads rendered by Mr. G. W. Jackson were sufficiently sweet to have charmed the 'evil spirit out of Saul.' The dancing of Messrs. Delehanty and Hengler was unexceptionable. Their wooden shoe dance was received with tremendous applause, and was decidedly the best specimen of the clog dance we ever witnessed. Mr. J. B. Murphy, the interlocutor of the troupe, is also well known in the profession, not only as a first class performer and singer, but is also famous as an author and composer of no ordinary merit. This gentleman seems perfectly at ease in the middle, and proves conclusively, by his gentlemanly deportment on the stage, that the most genial humor and flashing wit may be elicited without any approach to profanity or grossness, and happily their audiences are the kind to appreciate his good taste. In conclusion we congratulate Col. Lloyd upon having the best minstrel band in America. To-night closes the present season, when an entirely new bill will be produced. Go early if you desire a seat."

THIS TROUPE closed a brief and successful season of three nights last evening. The house was crowded to overflowing. It is a band of rare artistic merit, and were it to stay a week the same jam would be the result. Albanians know how to appreciate a good thing.—*Albany Knickerbocker.*

Lloyd & Bidaux's Minstrel Troupe had an overflowing house at Mechanics' Hall last evening. Their performance secured deserved applause. Their entertainment is much superior to the generality of similar organizations. The music was of the best, and the comicalities refreshingly new. Mr. G. W. Jackson has a fine tenor voice, and uses it to the great acceptance of his audience. M. Ainsley Scott is an old favorite in Utica, and as a basso, does handsomely. Reynolds and Wagner as "end men," excel. Reynolds has evident talent as a comedian, and Wagner always keeps the audience in good humor. The troupe appear at Mechanics' Hall again this evening, upon which occasion they will present an entirely new programme.—*Utica Morning Herald and Daily Gazette*, Feb. 16th.

"THE BLACK CROOK" has crowded Hooley's. It is quite a hit. It is fully as intelligent a performance as the original, though not so near the naked truth.

COTTON'S MINSTRELS occupied the Temple, Portsmouth, N. H., on the 9th inst, and, says a correspondent, "considering the stormy night, they performed to a good house. The troupe is first class. Credit is due Mr. Frank Campbell for the rendering of the ballad 'Kiss Me, Mother; Kiss Your Darling,' which he sang in good style and voice, receiving hearty *encores* from the audience. The music was good, and most of the jokes new."

DUPREZ AND BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS have just introduced "The Shadow Pantomime" on a grand scale, and are creating quite a sensation through the Eastern country with it. This troupe is now rapidly working their way for the Canadas, appearing first at Hamilton, C. W., March 13th and 14th; Toronto, 15th and 16th. The Waterbury *Daily American*, of Feb. 4th, thinks there are very few troupes like Duprez and Benedict's, for it says: "Duprez and Benedict's Minstrels gave their entertainment, according to announcement, in Hotchkiss Hall, last evening, to a crowded house, which was very flattering to them, as they had been here so short a time previous; it showed that their efforts were appreciated. Their performance was excellent throughout, their singing fine, their jokes new, and their burlesques very laughable. Benedict and West were in their best humor, and kept the audience in a continual round of laughter. This troupe is among the best traveling, their talent ranking A No. 1, and they always fill Hotchkiss Hall whenever they come here, and will continue to do so as long as they give a performance of the merit of last evening's. The troupe is under the management of Mr. C. H. Duprez, who is liked by everybody who has any dealings with him."

REEVES' MINSTRELS is the title of a band visiting the towns along the Hudson River. They were at Sing Sing on the 12th inst. Every Saturday and Monday evening they hold forth at Yonkers, N. Y. Billy Reeves is on the tambo end, and Johnny Pierce, bones.

WELLINGTON AND CHATWICK'S MINSTRELS, after playing through Utah and Arizona Territories, have arrived in California. The first town they reached, after crossing some four hundred miles of mountain and sandy desert, was Sanburnolio, where they opened to a full house at $1 a ticket, in coin, and played there on Jan. 5th to a $200 house, having for opposition Lee and Ryland's Circus Company. They were at Los Angelos on Jan. 6th, and were to go thence to Wilmington and up the coast to San Francisco. The company consists of Budd Wellington, Chas. Chatwick, Thos. Arlington, Ned Silver, C. L. Merrill, T. Owen Prentiss, Mat Cannon; J. T. Maxalow, C. H. Hall, Ben Wood, J. Carlton, J. F. Moore and Master Clarence.

SKIFF AND GAYLORD'S MINSTRELS played to large audiences at St. James Hall, Buffalo, on the evenings of Feb. 10th and 14th, and are said to have given satisfaction to their patrons. Low Gaylord is pronounced as quaint, and Hughey Dougherty as eccentric as ever, while Harry T. Allen, John Crosher, and John Purcell, are pronounced excellent in their individual and concerted efforts. Charles E. Richardson rejoined them at Buffalo as agent. They perigrinate through the provinces.

NEWCOMB AND ARLINGTON'S MINSTRELS appear in Syracuse, N. Y., on the 22d and 23d inst.

BUCKLEY'S MINSTRELS were advertised at Albany, N. Y., for the 18th inst.

MORRIS AND WILSON'S OPERA HOUSE, St. Louis, says a correspondent, "has been doing only a fair business the past week. The main features of the programme are: 'Chicago on the Brain,' 'The Pawn Shop,' and 'The Busby Family,' introducing the great 'nigger leap.' Mr. J. W. Morton, clog dancer and Ethiopian comedian, put in an appearance on the 11th inst., and was well received."

A BARITONE SINGER wishes a "posish" with a minstrel troupe. See C. W. P.'s advertisement.

LA RUE'S CARNIVAL MINSTRELS are to appear at Music Hall, New Haven, Conn., March 2d.

Circuses.

FOREPAUGH'S CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE, at Philadelphia, will bring the season to a close next week.

THE BELLMONT BROTHERS, four gymnastic and acrobatic performers, who are highly spoken of in their line of business, are prepared to negotiate with managers for the traveling season. See advertisement for address.

A TALENTED TRIO OF GYMNASTS, brothers, wish to be engaged for the forthcoming season. Their address will be found in another column.

JAMES ROBINSON, with his son, Clarence, commenced an engagement at Yankee Robinson's Coliseum, Chicago, on the 11th inst. Our correspondent "Hawkeye" says:—"The business has so far (Feb. 15) been the greatest of the season. It is a matter of considerable doubt as to which of all the amusements of the present week should be pronounced *the* sensation. If, however, a conclusion may be drawn from the numbers in attendance and the enthusiasm manifested, James Robinson, the rider, is entitled to the first rank. The house was crowded with people who seemed to vie with each other in an expression of gratification. James Robinson is the greatest rider in the world, and to be greatest in anything always commands admiration, as it is really deserving of consideration. It is a matter of comparative insignificance how he rides or where he rides, so that he is on a horse. 'Flying in the air,' 'back somersaults,' 'astonishing and impossible feats,' are advertising expressions only realized in the performance of Robinson. On a bare-backed horse, he now is on his head, now at the other extremity, now backwards, now forwards, now riding sideways, now jumping over banners on one foot, now turning twice around in the act of jumping them, and now on his knees. It is difficult to follow all the manœuvres, and still more difficult to realize that such feats can be actually accomplished. The *coup de force* is the turning of successive back somersaults through three balloons covered with paper and alighting each time on his feet and on his horse. When James Robinson falls, as he sometimes does, it is only the fore-runner of some new success, and he regains his horse so quietly and gracefully that it is almost a pleasure to see him fall. This is not a cruel expression, for he is perfectly independent, and does not care particularly whether he falls off or stays on. If there is any thing in the performance to admire more than Robinson himself, it is his beautiful boy Clarence; and if there is anything handsomer than his boy, it is his noble white horse."

BILLY KENNEDY, clown and vocalist, can be engaged by managers for the coming season, as will be seen by an advertisement elsewhere.

Music Halls.

AT METROPOLITAN HALL, Washington, D. C., a good variety company is performing to good patronage. Among the principal performers now there are Emma Fowler, Mlle. Rosa, Nellie Edwards, Sallie and Annie St. Clair, Johnny Reese, Jimmy Quinn and Johnny Harris. Beside the talent now engaged, Manager Henze wishes to add thereto, and so announces in an advertisement in another column.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, New Orleans, is reported by a correspondent as being on the topmost wave of prosperity. He adds:—"Business continues very good and the management is continually producing new and pleasing acts, notwithstanding 'Mr. Laertes' tells you that there is nothing in the place worthy of remark. The Academy has produced more novelties than both the other theatres put together."

C. M. CHADWICK, Manager of the Varieties, Chicago, is said to be seriously ill. "Mazeppa" will be produced at the Varieties all this week, with Florence Temple as the star.

GOING A PART OF THE WHOLE HOG.—Manager Fox, of the American Varieties, Philadelphia, distributed twenty-five hams among his patrons on Saturday evening last; and, unlike Crosby, the manager was not among the lucky ones. An equal number of hats will be distributed on the 23d inst.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Pittsburgh, Pa., is said to be doing a fair business. "Cherry and Fair Star" was produced last week. It is said to be well put on the stage.

A DANSEUSE is advertised for in another column by R. D. Mr. PHELPS was announced to appear at the Drury Lane Theatre, London, Eng., in some of his most popular characters, commencing on Feb. 4th, as Sir Pertinax Macsycophant in "Man of the World," to be followed by "John Bull," "The Jealous Wife," "The Merchant of Venice" (with Mrs. Hermann Vezin as Portia) and "Rob Roy." In the latter piece Mr. T. Powrie, a Scottish tragedian, will make his *debut* in London as Rob Roy, and Mr. Phelps appears, for the first time, at the West End as Bailie Nicol Jarvie.

FOX'S COMBINATION TROUPE, Philadelphia, continues its success. Denny Gallagher, from Tony Pastor's Opera House, and Santa Anna, the famous one-legged dancer, were to join the corps on the 18th inst.; also, on the same evening, will be produced a new original operatic burlesque, entitled the "Bill Poster's Dream," taken from the well known picture of the same. Talent is wanted at this establishment. See advertisement.

FITZ SIMMONS continued at the Varieties Theatre, Detroit, Mich., last week. "The Female Pickpocket" was played, with Fitz Simmons as Dr. Sharp; J. S. Edwards as St. George; Harry Clifford as Sharpblade; Master Barney as Sam; Miss Fannie Archer as Grace Martin; Naomi Porter as Mrs. Standford; and Jennie Allen as Patience Soberside.

THE NEW OLYMPIC, Memphis, is said to be in the full tide of success. The performances are pronounced good under the management of W. McArthur, who is a great favorite with the people of Memphis. His comic singing is pronounced first-class. Hen. Mason put in an appearance on Feb. 7th, and had an enthusiastic reception. Harry Blood put in an appearance on the 11th. Alfred Stewart is also there.

THE VARIETIES THEATRE, (late National) Memphis, Tenn., says a correspondent, "is doing a good business. Memphis is sort of a halfway house, and Kingsland and Broom are always on the alert to pick up any drift wood that may be going South, or any timber that may be on a tow up the stream. Tim Woodruff has been secured for a long period by the managers of the Varieties. The company will favorably compare with any variety show company in the Southwestern country. Manager C. P. Kingsland has closed a very long engagement with Miss Maggie Fowler—he having married that lady on the 10th at Calvary Church. The gross receipts at the Varieties from Nov. 6th to Feb. 12th were $18,243."

AT CARR'S VARIETIES, Buffalo, new people have appeared since our last issue, in the person of Miss Lou Irving, singist; Billy Pemberton, comic vocalist, and James Clark, banjoist—all of whom have been favorably received. Charles Hussey, the treasurer of the concern, had a benefit on the 15th inst. N. B. Shimer, an old Buffalo favorite, who has just terminated an engagement at Pittsburgh, was to have commenced on the 18th inst.

A PARTNER is wanted to conduct the business of a permanent company in a music hall in London, C. W. The hall is said to be in good condition, having new scenery and all the modern improvements. For further particulars see advertisement.

AT BERRY'S ACADEMY OF FUN, in this city, J. H. Taylor, banjoist; Ben Goldsmith, cloggist; Edwin Nelson, versatile actor; Miss Louisa Evans, comedienne; Miss Hannah Birch, *danseuse*, and Miss Annie Faya, vocalist, are the latest attractions.

LILLIE WHITNEY and Carrie Austin appear at the Theatre Comique, Boston, this week. Mlle. Augusta having withdrawn from the establishment. The spectacle of "Aladdin" is to be produced next week.

Miscellaneous.

MESSRS. RUSSELL, MORGAN & CO., are now the proprietors of the *Enquirer* Job Printing Office, Cincinnati, they having succeeded Messrs Farrin & McLean in the business. They propose to do all manner of show printing, and to that end invite communications from showmen and managers. See advertisement.

A MUSICIAN of New London, Ct., wants a situation with some circus or dramatic troupe. See advertisement.

A TRAVELING AGENT wants a "posish." You will see more in E. W. Seymour's advertisement in another column.

THE PEAK FAMILY COMBINATION, which is a consolidation of the two Peak and Berger families, were to commence a series of their attractive entertainments at the Athenæum, Brooklyn, N. Y., on Monday the 18th inst. As the troupe now consists of twenty-five first class performers, we shall not be deemed as trifling with the credulity of the public in saying that they are well worth hearing, and are deserving of hearty patronage.

HOWORTH AND RATHWELL'S TABLEAUX OF THE HOLY LAND is said to be reaping a harvest in Canada. The show was in Galt on the 11th and 12th, Preston on the 13th and 14th, and Waterloo 15th and 16th. Alf. R. Marshall is agent for this exhibition.

THE QUINCUPLEXAL TROUPE were at Waukegan, Ill., Feb. 13 and 14. Kinosha, Wis., 15, and was to go thence to Racine, 16 and 18; Milwaukee, 19; Watertown, 20; Janesville, 21 and 22; Madison, 23 and 25; Beloit, 26; Belvidere, 27; Rockford, Ill., 28 and March 1, and Freeport 2d and 4th.

RIENZI, the wizard and ventriloquist, is faking through Wisconsin to poor business. On the 8th he was at Kenosha, Wis., and, says a correspondent, "notwithstanding he was well billed and gave a good show, the receipts amounted to only $9 and the expenses $64, which left a balance on the wrong side of the sheet. His route from Kenosha was as follows:—La Salle, Ill., 13th; Mendota, 14th; Aurora, 15th; Dixon, 17th; Freeport, 18th and 19th; Warren, 20th, and Dubuque, Iowa, 21st, 22d and 23d."

THE ELLINGER & FOOTE COMBINATION is filled ahead as follows:—Dayton, Ohio, 15th and 16th; Springfield, 18th and 19th; Delaware, 20th and 21st; Columbus, 22d and 23d; London, 25th; Circleville, March 1st, 2d and 3d; Chillicothe, 5th, 6th and 7th; Marietta, 11th, 12th and 13th, and Parkersburg, Va., 14th, 15th and 16th. Business is said to have been very good considering the time of year.

THE SIAMESE TWINS are traveling in the far west. Their route ahead is as follows:—Clinton, Mo., 16th; Lyons, 18th; Fulton, Ill., 19th; Dixon, 20th; Mendota, 21st; Princeton, 22d; Geneseo, 23d; Rock Island, 25th; Davenport, Iowa, 26th and 27th; thence to Desmoines and back to Keokuk, stopping at all places that will do to show at between those points.

DOC. ELLSLER is a song builder. See advertisement.

ANDREW BIRRELL, father of Andrew Birrell, manager of the Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco, died in that city Jan. 5th, aged 69 years.

THE MILTONIAN TABLEAU was at Green Bay, Wis., last week.

THE HANLON BROTHERS, William, George and Alfred, were at Augusta, Ga., all last week. They open Feb. 18th, at Atlanta, Ga.

"THE YACHT RACE GALOP," for the piano, composed by James W. Porter, of Philadelphia, and dedicated to James Gordon Bennett, Jr., has recently been published. The melody is pretty, and the movement smooth and easy going. It can be had of the principal music dealers.

THE BANJO seems to be a very popular instrument, judging by the many players it has, as well as the number of teachers who devote their time to giving instructions to pupils. In our advertising columns will be found a card from John Sivori, and another from Harry Smith, both of whom are prepared to teach the art.

WAGOR'S MIRROR OF ITALY opened at Music Hall, Chicago, Feb. 11th, for two nights.

THE PEAK FAMILY commence a brief stay in Brooklyn, N. Y., on the 18th inst.

SIGNOR BLITZ was in New Albany, Ind., Feb. 11th, 12th and 13th.

J. WM. ALLEN, advertising agent, may be addressed by stars and their best favorites as per advertisement.

MISS ANNIE SUTHERLAND, the popular cantatrice, known as the Scottish Nightingale, may be engaged for a series of a fortnight or longer, by addressing the lady as instructed in advertisement.

PUPPETS are advertised for sale in another column by D. Davis.

PETER CLARE, a double bass and tuba, or second violin player, recently with the Carter Zoavave Troupe, wants an engagement. See advertisement.

PAUL MCALLISTER opened at Masonic Hall, Pittsburgh, on the 12th, and is reported as having done a fine business, which kept a highly pleased audience to the late hour of half past twelve o'clock. Mr. Hotto is a favorite here. Mr. John Engler has been delighting the audience of the Opera House with his artist feats on parlor skates. He is up for a benefit to-night Feb. 18th. The programme is "school for scandal."

THE YOUNG FOLKS' CONCERTS, under the auspices of Prof. D. F. Fox, which occurred at Metzerott Hall, Washington, D. C., on the 11th and 12th insts., are said to have been largely attended. The hall being engaged for other purposes alone prevented a repetition. Miss Kate Richards presided at the piano.

ALF. BURNETT, who has been performing at Sanderson's Opera House, Baltimore, Md., the past two weeks, remains two weeks longer. His entertainments have been attended by large audiences.

THE FOLLOWING well known performers were in St. Louis last week, waiting for something to "turn up"—Hi Chapman, Maggie Marshall, Clark Gibbs, Nayling Sisters, Mlle. Barrowne, Sig. Gus Peters, P. J. McLaughlin and Mlle Freeberthyser.

THE APOCALYPSE unrolled at the Mercantile Library Hall, St. Louis, on the 11th inst. Judging from the large audiences that attend the Apocalypse, says a correspondent, "it will remain a few days longer with us. Mr. A. B. Morrison is sole proprietor and manager, while E. Lawrence is the agent."

THE SCRIPTURAL TABLEAUX OF JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN has been drawing good houses at Sturgeon Hall, St. Louis, during the past week.

DUNHAM AND YULE'S VARIETY SHOW has changed managers, and will hereafter be Dunham and Morrissey's. Their route is through New Jersey.

THE BUSLAY FAMILY opened at the Greenlaw Opera House, Memphis, on the 12th inst.

MCEVOY'S HIBERNICON commenced in Memphis on Jan. 30th.

THE CONTINENTAL VOCALISTS give an entertainment at Jackson Hall, Jackson, Mich., on the 21st inst.

A. M. GRISWOLD was at Jackson, Mich., on the 13th inst.

ALLYNE, the wizard, played at Music Hall, New Haven, Conn., February 15th and 16th.

Amateur.

THE WARREN COMBINATION, under the management of Mr. J. R. Walters, a graduate of the old Brooklyn Museum, will give a performance and hop on the 19th prox., at Dramatic Hall, Houston Street, N. Y., for the benefit of Miss Martine. The bill is to consist of "Servants by Legacy," "Ugliono," "Box and Cox," and "Michael Earl."

A DRAMATIC PERFORMANCE was given at Chubbuck's Hall, Utica, N. Y., on the 14th inst., by several amateurs of that city. A correspondent says:—"The bill presented was the drama, entitled 'Harvest Storm,' and 'Bombastes Furioso.'"

THE MURDOCK ASSOCIATION of Alleghany, Pa., held a meeting on the 8th inst., to choose officers for the season, and the following were elected, to serve three months, from the 18th. President, J. M. Talbot; Vice President, P. R. Sherman; Secretary, H. C. Johnston; Treasurer, J. T. M'Clelland; Stage-Manager, W. L. Shender; and Acting-Manager, A. P. Childs. The Association have in active preparation "Rom

AMUSEMENTS.

To Advertisers.

We call the attention of Managers and Professionals who wish to avail themselves of the extensive circulation of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, the Theatrical Organ of America, to make known their business, wants, etc., to the following schedule of rates for advertising:—

Twelve cents per line for each and every insertion; for dramatic notices from other papers, incorporated in our summary, 25 cents per line. A liberal deduction will, however, be made for advertisements when paid for three or six months in advance. Day of publication Tuesday of each week.

Communications to insure attention in the issue for that week, should reach us by Monday morning, at latest, or Saturday, if possible, and invariably be addressed to

FRANK QUEEN,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
No. 22 Spruce street, N. Y.

BARNUM & VAN AMBURGH'S MUSEUM
AND MENAGERIE COMBINATION.
Broadway, between Spring and Prince streets.
EVERY AFTERNOON AT 2; EVENING AT 7¾;
IN THE FULL TIDE OF SUCCESS, THE
MAGNIFICENT, RELIGIOUS, HISTORICAL, SPECTACULAR, ZOOLOGICAL DRAMA, THE

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A GRAND TRIUMPHAL PROCESSION
Will occur, in which will be introduced
VAN AMBURGH LIVING WILD ANIMALS.
GLADIATORIAL COMBATS IN THE COLOSSEUM.
THE CHRISTIAN MARTYRS THROWN INTO
THE DEN OF LIONS.
On exhibition at all hours, the
ENTIRE VAN AMBURGH COLLECTION
OF LIVING WILD ANIMALS,
INCLUDING A GIRAFFE, OVER 15 FEET HIGH,
A GIANT AND GIANTESS,
A LEOPARD CHILD,
TWO DWARFS, CIRCASSIAN GIRL,
GORDON CUMMING COLLECTION,
COSMORAMAS, LEARNED SEAL, HAPPY FAMILY, GRAND AQUARIA, HISTORICAL RELICS, and over
200,000 OTHER CURIOSITIES.
Admission, 30 cents; children under ten, 15 cents.

NEW YORK CIRCUS,
FOURTEENTH STREET, opposite Academy of Music.
L. B. LENT..... Director
THREE MATINEES THIS WEEK.
WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY.
ADDITIONAL NOVELTIES
OF EXTRAORDINARY BRILLIANCY.
First week of the beautiful Equestrian Fairy Spectacle, the
SPRITE OF THE SILVER SHOWER,
which will be produced with new and magnificent Costumes and Appointments. Fairy characters by a
TROUPE OF BABY PANTOMIMISTS.
BLIND MAN'S BUFF ON HORSEBACK!
HINDOO MIRACLES!
LES TROIS ATHLETES!
PERFORMING DOGS, PONIES AND MULES!
Acts of Equestrianism by
M'LLE CARLOTTE DE BERG,
AND THE GREAT CIRCUS TROUPE.
EXTRA MATINEE FEB. 22D. 46-1t*

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS, 585 Broadway.
THE TROUBLE COMMENCES ¾ TO 8.
THE CREME DE LA CREME OF MINSTRELSY,
BIRCH, WAMBOLD, BERNARD & BACKUS'
SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS,
Whose success has never been equalled by any similar organization in the world.
NEW AND CHEERFUL BURLESQUES EVERY WEEK.
Wambold's New Song, "Will you come to meet me, Darling?" Troubles at the Metropolitan Hotel; Animated Photographs; Gambrino's Opera of Lager Beer; Nancy Fat; Shouts of Laughter at the Shadow Pantomime, and the Screaming Black Cook and African Ballet Troupe. 46-1t*

BROOKLYN ATHENÆUM.
Commencing
MONDAY, FEB. 18TH,
And continue every evening during the week,
GRAND CONSOLIDATION
Of the two
PEAK FAMILIES,
Assisted by the
BERGER FAMILY, TWENTY-FIVE PERFORMERS.
J. C. GOODHUE,
46-2t* Business Manager.

MADEMOISELLE ADAH ISAACS MENKEN
Is playing with grand success at the
THEATRE DE LA GAITE, PARIS,
Her new creation, the role of
"LEO,"
In
LES PIRATES DE SAVANE.
This great artiste has been distinguished by the public and personal approbation of their Majesties, Emperor Napoleon III, Empress Eugenie, the Prince Imperial, Queen Victoria, the Prince of Wales and Princess of Wales; King Leopold, of the Belgians; King William III, of Holland; Prince Jerome Bonaparte, Prince Lucien Bonaparte, Prince Esterhazy, and Princess Clothilde and Princess Anna Murat, etc.
MONSIEUR KAREL COLLIER,
46-tf Directeur de M'lle Menken.

PROF. A. SILVESTER'S LAST ILLUSION,
"THE ENCHANTED CANOPY."
Thousands have witnessed it, and the Press have pronounced it to be the most marvellous illusion yet produced. Vide the opinions of the Press: Morning Advertiser, Dec. 5th; Bell's Life, Dec. 8th; Era, Dec. 9th; Sunday Times, Dec. 9th, etc.
This new Illusion is being performed nightly by the Professor, at Philharmonic Hall, Islington, and the effect produced upon the audience is nearly as great as the illusion itself, and truly might it be said of the figures which appear and disappear, that
"These our actors, as I foretold you, were
all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air,
And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a rack behind."
PROF. A. SILVESTER begs to inform the public that he is the Inventor and Patentee of the highly effective improvements on the marvellous GHOST ILLUSION, now being exhibited with immense success at the Royal Polytechnic Institution; also inventor of the "Minnehaha, or Fairy Fountain," "The Mystery," Sphynx, Anthropoglossos, Cherubs Floating in the Air, and the Indian Basket Trick.
Terms and every information to be had of
JAS. CONNOR & CO.,
Dramatic Agency, Broadway, or
PROF. SILVESTER, 5 New Dorset Place,
46-3m Clapham Road, S. London, England.

"DOC ELLSLER" will compose
COMIC OR SENTIMENTAL SONGS,
ON ANY SUBJECT.
Address him at Honesdale, Pa., Box 423. 46-1t*

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Pennsylvania Avenue, between 11th and 12th streets,
WASHINGTON, D. C.
B. HENZE.....Proprietor
JOHNNY REESE.....Stage Manager
Now in the full tide of success, with the following company:
EMMA FOWLER, the Queen of Song.
M'LLE ROSA, the Beautiful Danseuse.
JOHNNY HARRIS, the Great Ethiopian Delineator.
BELLE WILLIAMS, the Dashing Songstress.
THE GARDENER SISTERS, Vocalists and Dancers.
JOHNNY REESE, Comic Vocalist, Comedian and Balladist.
KATE HARRISON, the Admired Danseuse.
NELLIE EDWARDS, Sensation Vocalist.
JIMMY QUINN, Banjoist and Comedian.
ANNIE ST. CLAIR, Danseuse.
SALLY ST. CLAIR, Danseuse.
FIRST CLASS TALENT,
such as LADY DANCERS and SINGERS, wanted at all times.
Apply as above. 46-2t

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WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
R. FOX.....Proprietor and Manager
THE GREAT VARIETY TEMPLE.
WANTED.—LEADING DANSEUSES, ACROBATS, VOCALISTS, PANTOMIMISTS, ETHIOPIAN MINSTRELS, and General Performers in every branch of the profession.
Apply Box 930, P. O., Philadelphia.
JAS. PILGRIM,
46-tf Acting and Stage Manager.

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A DANSEUSE
Of good figure, graceful and attractive appearance, intelligent, etc., by a
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The business will be remunerative, WILL NOT INTERFERE WITH ANY THEATRICAL ENGAGEMENT, and WILL NOT TAKE A PERSON OUT OF NEW YORK CITY.
Attendance at long intervals. Address
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WILL J. B. BROWN, formerly with the Naiad Queen party, send his address to
46-1t C. S. WHITING,
Business Manager for Leo Hudson.

MR. W. E. SHERIDAN
Can be engaged for THE REMAINDER OF THE PRESENT SEASON, by addressing
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WANTED.--Attractive Stars to fill up time. Also a Leader for an Orchestra, with a responsible traveling party. Apply to
DAVIS & CO.,
Theatrical Agents, Box 3708, N. Y
N. B.—Pianist for a traveling company. 45-2t

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GREAT VARIETY TROUPE,
OPEN EVERY NIGHT,
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Consisting of
A MONSTROUS COMPANY OF
THIRTY-FIVE VERSATILE PERFORMERS,
INTRODUCING AN ENTIRE CHANGE OF PERFORMANCE
EVERY WEEK,
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GREATEST VARIETY of real PASTIME ever given in AMERICA.
The Monster Entertainment now given at
THIS TEMPLE OF AMUSEMENT
is pronounced by all the par excellence of the age.
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY AFTERNOON,
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HOOLEY'S NEW OPERA HOUSE,
CORNER OF COURT AND REMSEN STREETS, BROOKLYN,
Is now open for the season with
A GREAT STAR COMBINATION OF
MINSTRELS AND PANTOMIMISTS.
THE MOST COMFORTABLE AND FINEST HALL
IN AMERICA.
The Company comprises TWENTY-FIVE UNEQUALLED PERFORMERS, selected from the first ranks of the Profession.
First class talent can address
E. GREENLAND, Ag't. [27-tf] R. M. HOOLEY, Sole Propr'r.

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LAFAYETTE, IND.
Splendid edifice; furnished last fall; largest in the State; will seat about 2,000; stage 66x36; drop curtain and 8 set flats, painted by W. T. Porter, of Cincinnati. The whole building
LIGHTED BY GAS,
IN DOME BY REFLECTION.
Good Dressing Rooms furnished.
Will rent on liberal terms, day week or month, or share with good companies. None but
FIRST CLASS COMPANIES
need apply. Doorkeepers, ushers and license included in rent of Opera House.
Lafayette has a population of about
TWENTY THOUSAND,
and is considered one of the best show cities in the United States for its population.
All communications must be addressed to
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for sale. Terms easy. Apply or address
44-3t* O. P., No. 1305 Brown street, Philadelphia.

J. R. HEALEY, Leading Man,
is now ready to negotiate with responsible managers, also for Mrs. J. R. HEALY, First Old Woman. Address
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BALLET GIRLS WANTED FOR
TONY PASTOR'S OPERA HOUSE,
201 BOWERY.
None but first class needed. Those who perform Solo Dances preferred; must have a good wardrobe. Engagements steady for one year. Apply as above. 44-tf

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CRAWFORDSVILLE, INDIANA,
Has been newly refitted, and will seat 800 people. Population of city, 5,090. On direct route from Louisville to Chicago.
45-8t* DAN'L GILKEY, Proprietor.

SIDE SHOW FOR SALE
AT A GREAT BARGAIN!
The Undersigned offers For Sale his entire Show, comprising one Cage of Monkeys, one Mexican Pig, one Large Snake, two setts of Revolving Views, a New Organ (very loud), eight Wax Figures, embracing Lincoln (as living and in state), Jeff Davis, Gen. Stonewall Jackson, Rosencranz, Siegel, Beauregard, and Gen. Grant, all new and in appropriate boxes. These figures cost $700. Eight Large Paintings, which cost $55 each; also a large canvas, 35x40, with all the fixtures. Several Wood Cuts, and a large lot of Programmes.
The first cost of the above was $1,900, and has been used but one year and is in tip top order. I will sell all or part to suit purchasers. Price $900. For further particulars address or call upon DR. H. HUFFMAN, Livery Keeper,
Feb. 8, 1867 45-4t Canfield, Mahoning Co., Ohio.

FOR SALE.--A well trained Trick Dog seven months old, French Poodle of the De Louis stock of dogs, color, black; weight, forty pounds. For particulars address
45-2t* GEO. FLEMING, Millersburg, Holmes Co., Ohio.

CIRCUS PROPERTY FOR SALE!

One 120 foot tent, and one 45 foot tent, used but a few weeks, and quite as good as new.
Several setts of elegant Entree Dresses, Trappings and Pad Cloths.
One fine Organ, new.
ONE HURDLE BUFFALO.
One Light Rand Chariot.
Two Ring Carpets; a large lot of Circus Wardrobe; a fine sett of Decorative Banners; a sett of Dresses for Ring Attendants. Address
45-tf L. B. LENT, New York Circus, Fourteenth street, opposite Academy of Music.

EDWIN VARREY, at Wall's Opera House,
~~Washington, D. C., until March 4th, '67~~—after that time address to care of CHAS. T. PARSLOE, cor. Broadway and Prince st.,
45-4t* New York City.

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W. D. BICKHAM, Proprietor.
Does all kinds of Plain and Fancy Show Work, and is connected with the paper having the
LARGEST CIRCULATION IN THE CITY.
Orders for Bill Posting may be addressed to
WM. WOLF,
45-3m* Care Dayton Journal, Dayton, O.

HIRAM MARKS,
THE CELEBRATED GROTESQUE CLOWN AND JESTER, is at liberty to make engagements for the coming season with any First Class Circus Company. Address him at Revere House, corner of Houston st. and Broadway, N. Y., or No. 23 West Sixth street, Cincinnati, Ohio. 45-3t*

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SHOW BILL PRINTING OFFICE
IN THE UNITED STATES.
RUSSELL, MORGAN & CO.,
Having purchased the extensive Job Office of the
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Solicit the patronage of
THE SHOWMEN OF AMERICA.
All communications must be addressed to
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46-6m* No. 20 College st., Cincinnati.

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